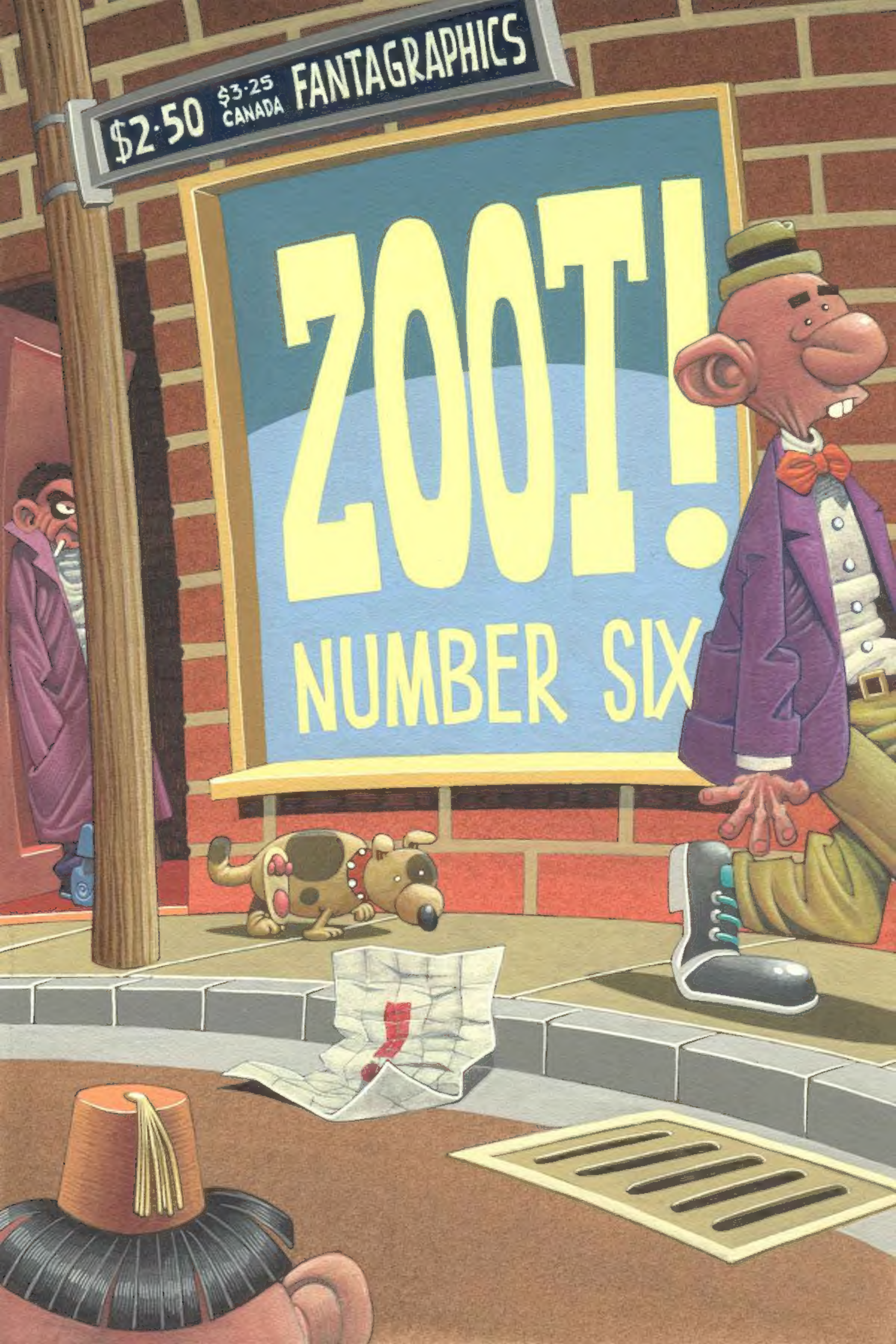
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FANTAGRAPHICS
ZOOT!
NUMBER SIX

WRITE TO US AT : P.O. BOX 56-031, AUCKLAND 3, NEW ZEALAND!

GARY GROTH THINKS HE'S THE EDITOR OF...

ZOOT!

Number Six

by ANDREW & ROGER LANGRIDGE

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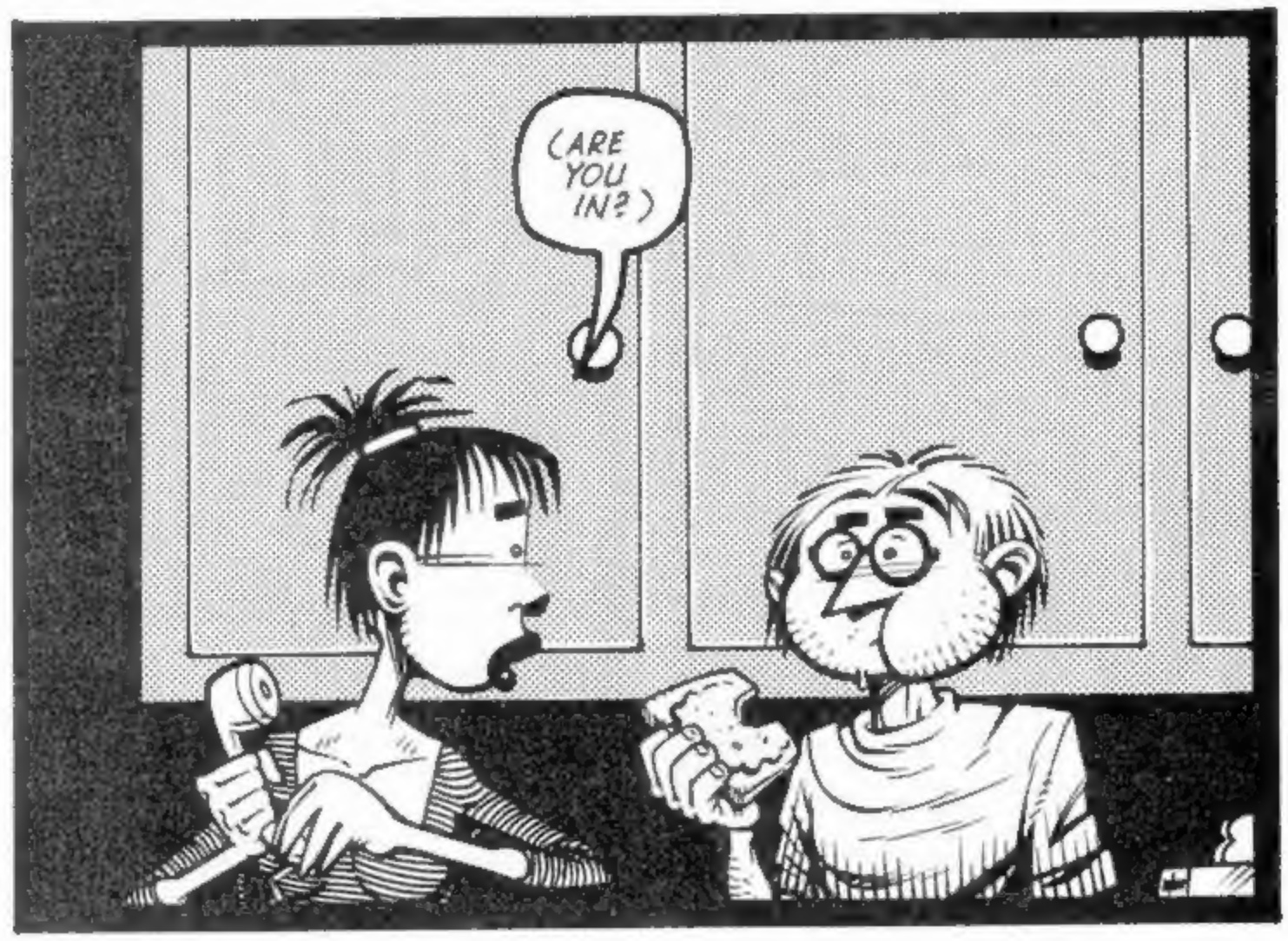
- **MORE REAL PEOPLE** ~ A true story. Eek. BC

THE LETTER

Ben! Ben! Time has come! A sign, Ben. I sent it to you.

WAIT A MINUTE WAIT A MINUTE. WHO IS THIS?
THIS ISN'T BEN.
Ben, I need to talk to Ben. Where's Ben?
WHO IS THIS?

This is Alexander. I need to talk to Ben.
Grace, they won't let me talk to Ben.
Hang on, I'll just see if he's in.


(Are you in?)

?

("Alexander?")

(I'm not here.)
(He sounds quite excited.)

(SIGH ~ OH VERY WELL...)
ALEXANDER!

IT'S BEN. I TOLD YOU HE WAS OKAY.
BEN, IT'S HAPPENED. IT'S A SIGN. IT'S **HAPPENED**, MAN. I SENT IT TO YOU, SO NOW YOU CAN SEE FOR YOURSELF. GO AND SEE. I SENT IT TO YOUR BOX. I CAN'T TELL YOU, YOU HAVE TO SEE FOR YOURSELF. BUT GO AND SEE, BEN. I KNOW YOU UNDERSTAND.

WHAT?

BUT IT'S **BEN**, MAN. BEN **UNDERSTANDS**.
GOTTA GO, BEN. SEE FOR YOURSELF. IT'S A **SIGN**, MAN.

CLICK

WHO, OR WHAT, IS ALEXANDER?

THAT'S A LONG STORY. IT SEEMS HE'S SENT ME SOMETHING IN THE MAIL. I SUPPOSE I OUGHT TO FIND OUT WHAT IT IS.
HE'S JUST THIS CRAZY GUY I USED TO KNOW. DO YOU WANT TO COME FOR A WALK?
I'LL JUST GRAB A JACKET.

ARE YOU GOING TO TOAST THE REST OF THAT BREAD?
UH... NO...?
WELL, IF YOU'RE NOT GOING TO TOAST IT, THEN PUT IT AWAY. IT'LL JUST GO DRY AND HORRIBLE.

WE SORT OF ENDED UP ACQUAINTANCES AT VARSITY, I DON'T KNOW HOW. HE WAS A LITTLE INTENSE, I GUESS, BUT PRETTY NONDESCRIPT. I DIDN'T KNOW HIM ALL THAT WELL.

HAVE I EVER MET HIM?
OH, I DOUBT IT. HE USED TO HANG OUT WITH ADAM, WHOM YOU DESPISE.
UGH. WHAT A CREEP.
EXACTLY. SO I'M SURE IF YOU HAD MET HIM YOU'D REMEMBER.

HE'S NOT A LUNATIC LIKE ADAM, IS HE?
OH NO, ALEXANDER'S QUITE ANOTHER KIND OF LUNATIC.
ANYWAY, WE DRIFTED APART. BIT OF A RELIEF, ACTUALLY.

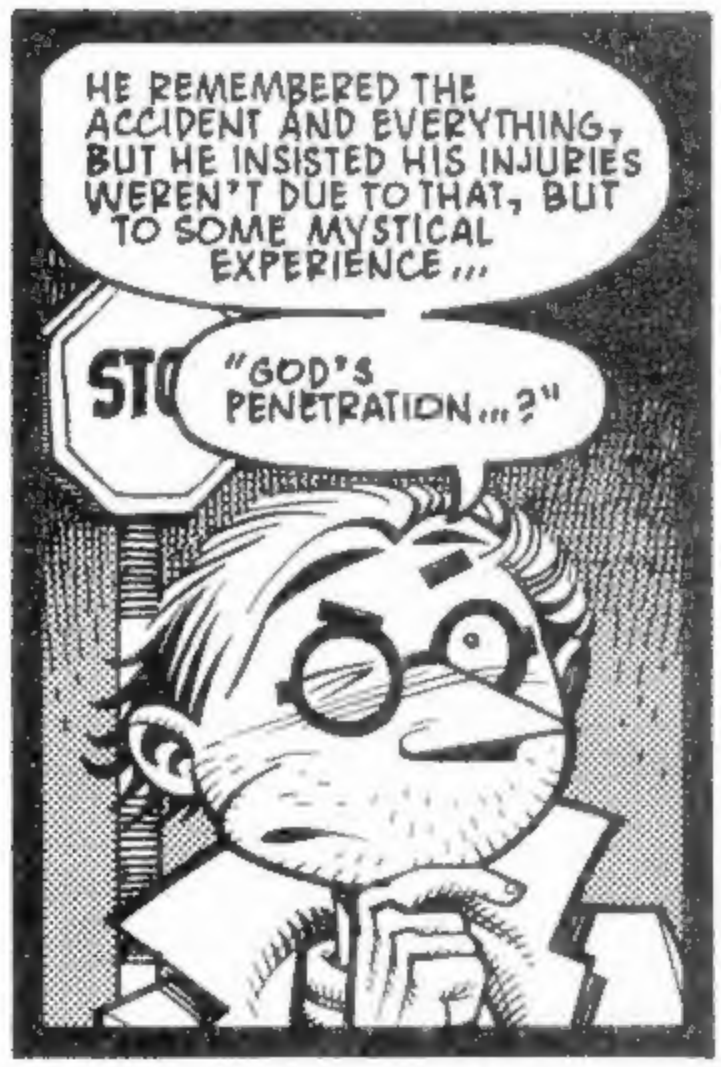
AND ONE DAY, I HEARD HE'D BEEN INVOLVED IN A REAL NASTY ACCIDENT.

I WENT TO VISIT HIM ABOUT A WEEK AFTERWARDS IN HOSPITAL AND IT WAS PRETTY GHASTLY. HE WAS STILL UNCONSCIOUS AND HIS FACE WAS JUST **MASSIVELY** SWOLLEN, LIKE A BAG OF BLOOD.

DRIPS IN EVERY ARM. HE HAD SUCH BURNS... IT WAS JUST HORRIBLE. AND HE WAS PARALYSED.

SO EVEN THOUGH I DIDN'T KNOW HIM ALL THAT WELL I SORT OF FELT OBLIGED TO VISIT THE GUY.

ALEXANDER REFUSED TO ACCEPT WHAT HAD HAPPENED TO HIM.


HE REMEMBERED THE ACCIDENT AND EVERYTHING, BUT HE INSISTED HIS INJURIES WEREN'T DUE TO THAT, BUT TO SOME MYSTICAL EXPERIENCE...
"GOD'S PENETRATION...?"

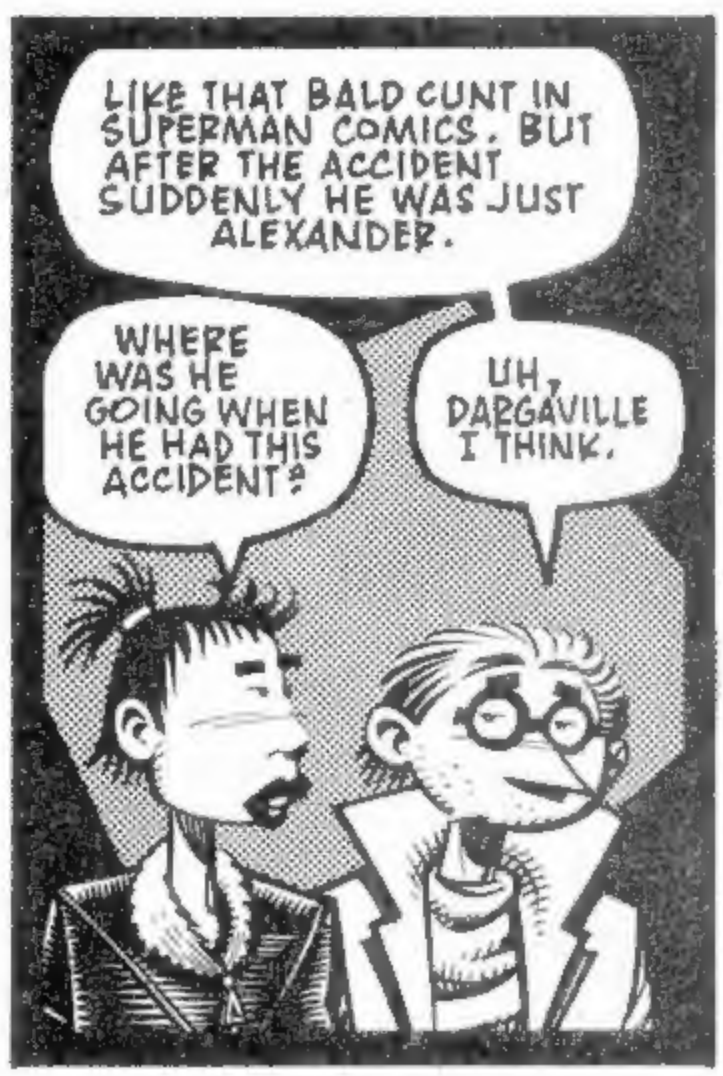
NO, BUT ANYWAY, HE HAD SOME WEIRD WAY OF PUTTING IT AND HE ALWAYS SPOKE OF HIS ACCIDENT IN WEIRD EUPHEMISMS.
HE'D ALWAYS BEEN A BIT OF A FLAKE, BUT NOT IN SUCH AN ORTHODOX RELIGIOUS WAY.

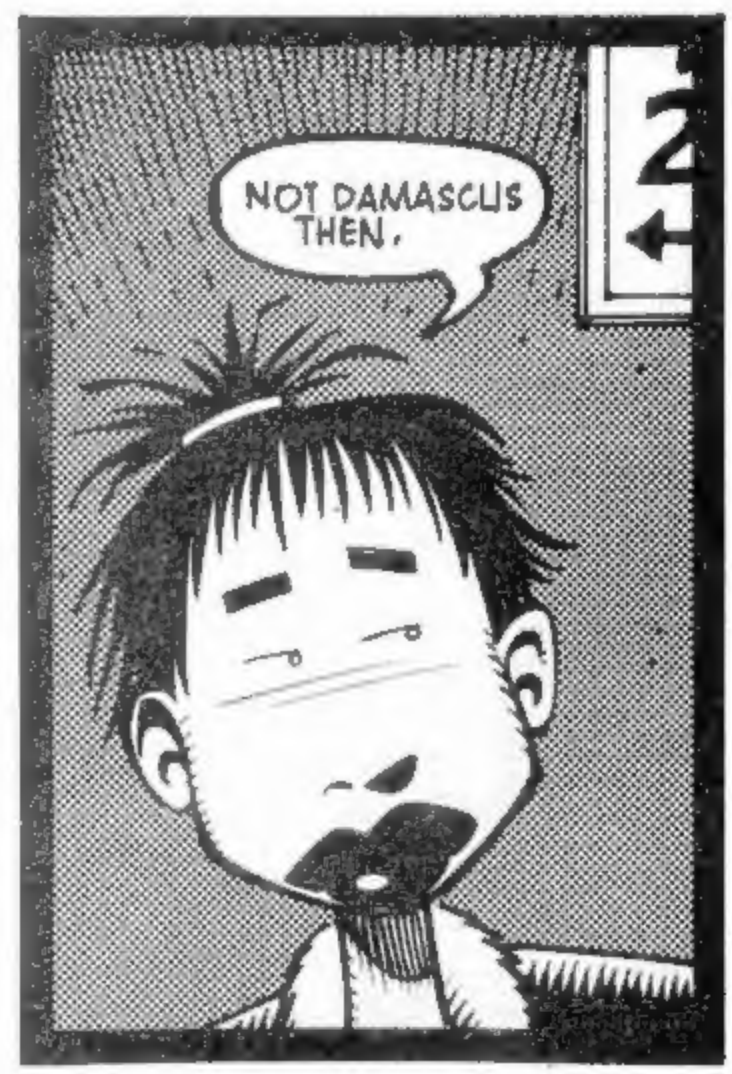
I ALWAYS REMEMBER HE GOT ALL TIED UP IN ASTROLOGY FOR ABOUT SIX MONTHS, ASKING EVERYBODY'S BIRTHDAYS, REFUSING TO VENTURE ABROAD IF SATURN WAS IN THE WRONG HOUSE...

BUT AS SOON AS HE WENT ALL BORN-AGAIN...
NO MORE MISTER NIGHT SKY?
WELL PUT.

HE CHANGED. NOT JUST PHYSICALLY, BUT WEIRD STUFF.

HE USED TO CALL HIMSELF 'LEX.'
LEX?

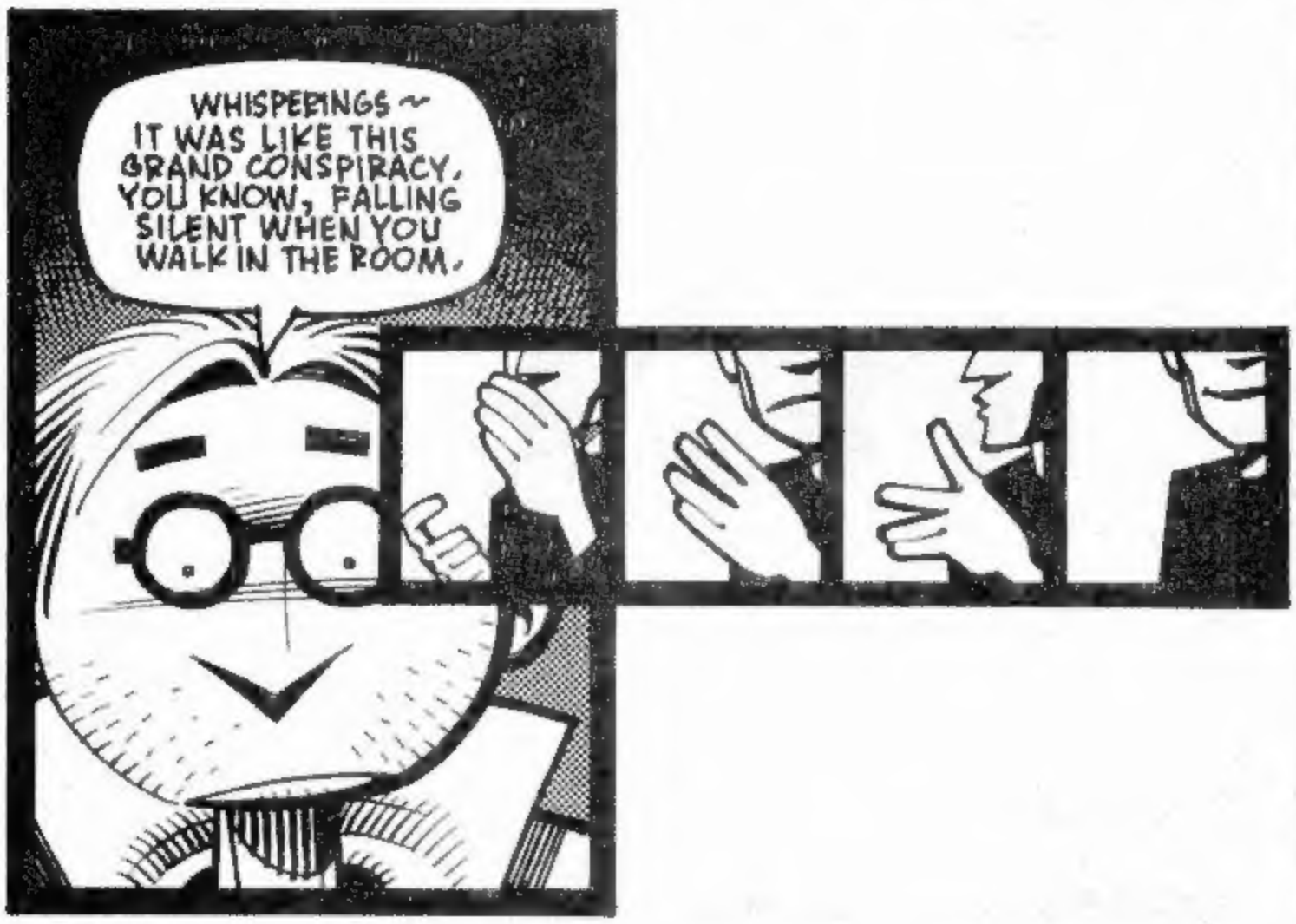

LIKE THAT BALD CUNT IN SUPERMAN COMICS. BUT AFTER THE ACCIDENT SUDDENLY HE WAS JUST ALEXANDER.
WHERE WAS HE GOING WHEN HE HAD THIS ACCIDENT?
UH, DARGAVILLE I THINK.


NOT DAMASCUS THEN.

I'VE GOT IT.
SNAP

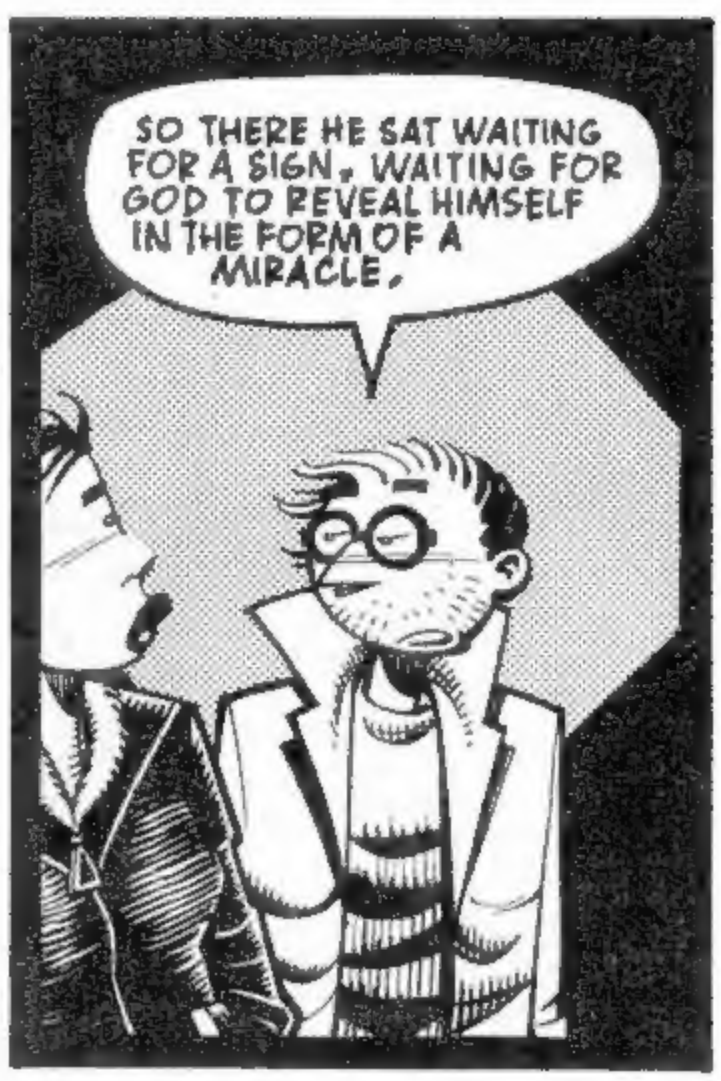
"WHEN THE WORD OF GOD entered my BODY." THAT'S HOW HE ALWAYS REFERRED TO HIS ACCIDENT.
WORD OF GOD!
STEERING COLUMN, MORE LIKE IT.

WHILE HE WAS IN HOSPITAL THERE WAS THIS WOMAN **GRACE**, I THINK SHE WAS SOME FRIEND OF THE FAMILY, AND SHE SPENT ALL HER TIME WITH ALEXANDER, LIKE SOME SECRETIVE CLIQUE.

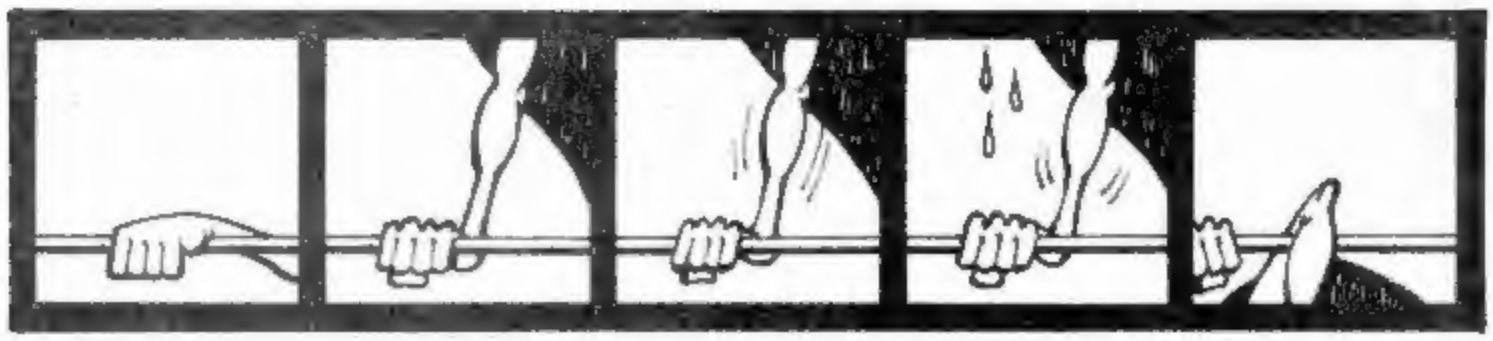

WHISPERINGS ~ IT WAS LIKE THIS GRAND CONSPIRACY, YOU KNOW, FALLING SILENT WHEN YOU WALK IN THE ROOM.

SKINNY, SHE WAS, WITH BIG HAIR.

ALEXANDER WAS CONVINCED, I'M SURE GRACE WAS BEHIND THIS, HE WAS CONVINCED HIS 'AFFLICTION' WAS SIMPLY THE PREPARATION FOR SOME REVELATION.

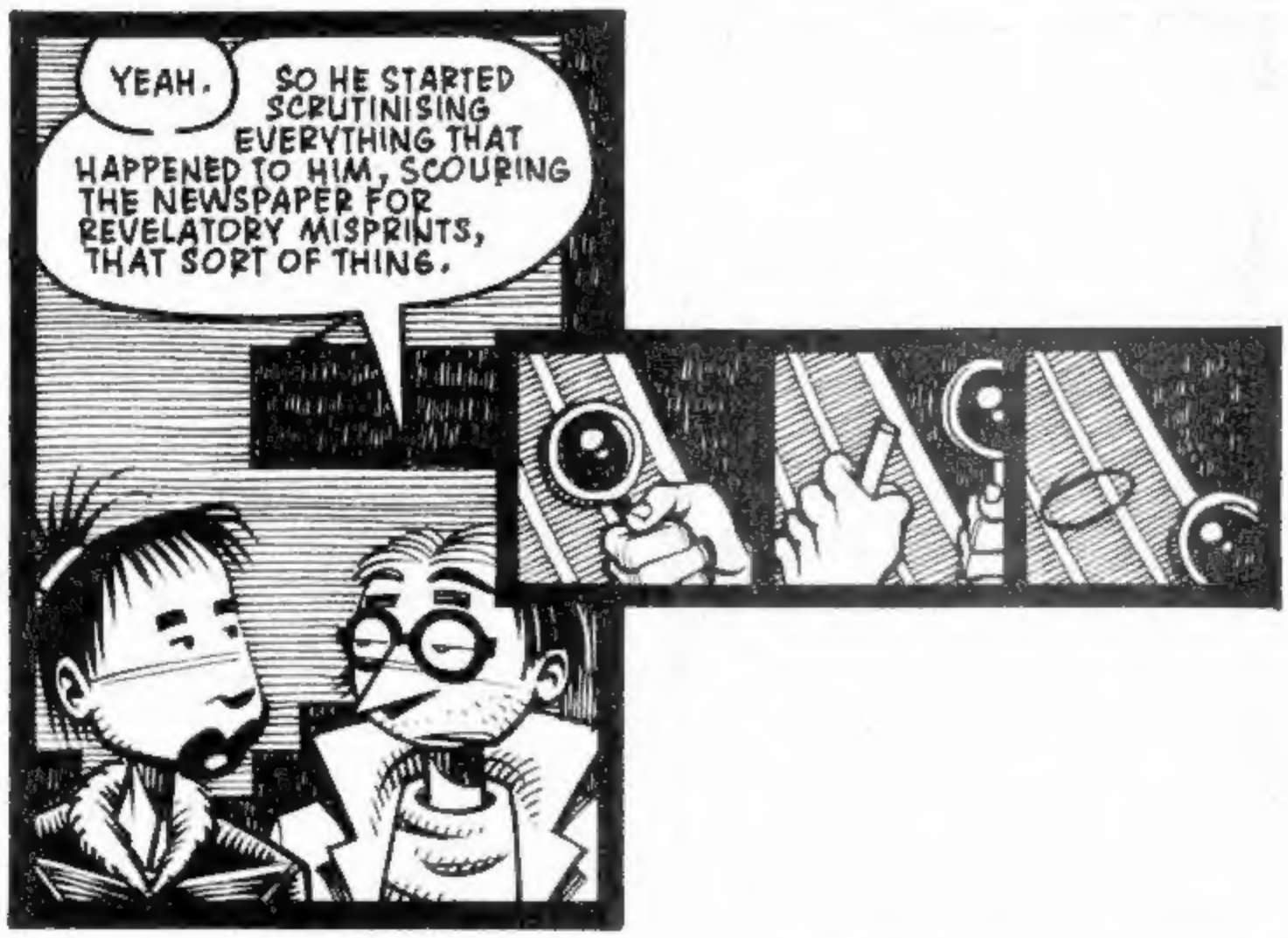

SO THERE HE SAT WAITING FOR A SIGN, WAITING FOR GOD TO REVEAL HIMSELF IN THE FORM OF A MIRACLE.

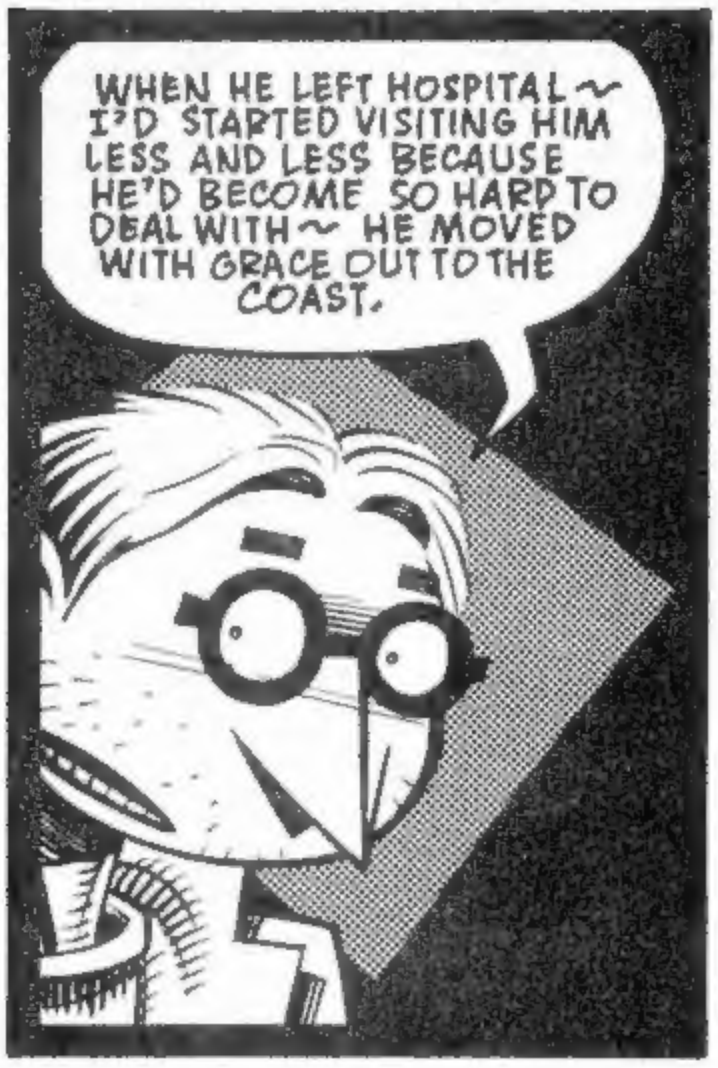
SO EVERY DAY, EVEN THOUGH IT WAS HOPELESS, HE'D TRY TO WALK.

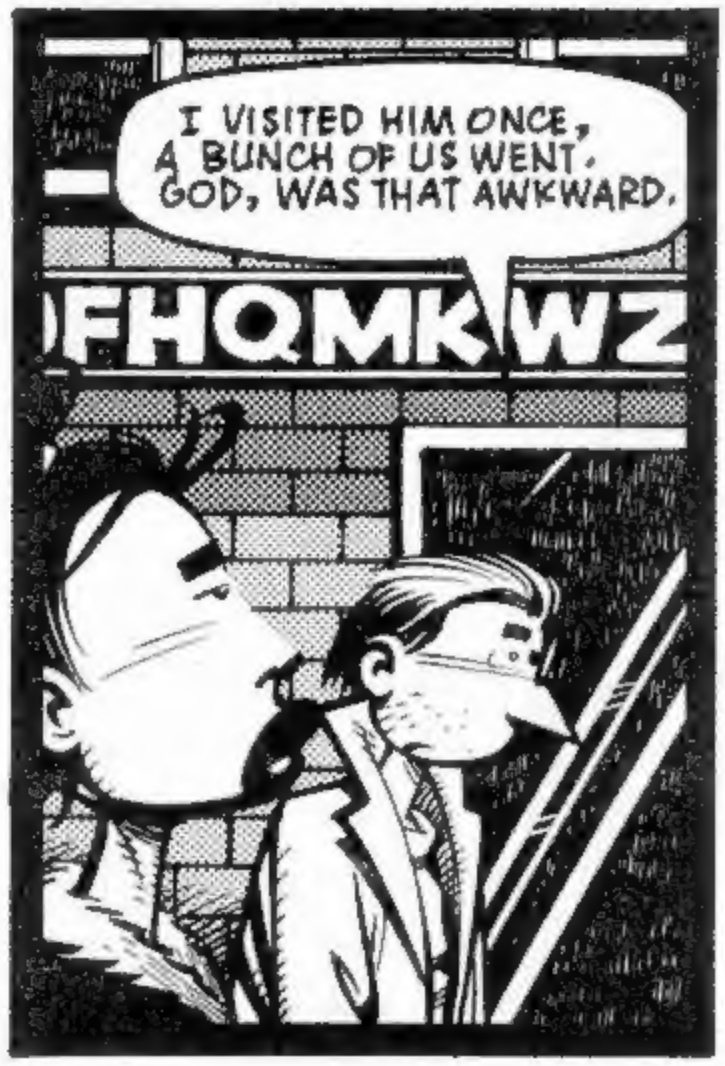


AFTER A COUPLE OF MONTHS OF THIS HE SUDDENLY DECIDED THE MIRACLE WAS GOING TO BE SOMETHING ELSE.

SOMETHING LESS SPECTACULAR, BUT UNAMBIGUOUS ALL THE SAME.
A RAIN OF TOADS...

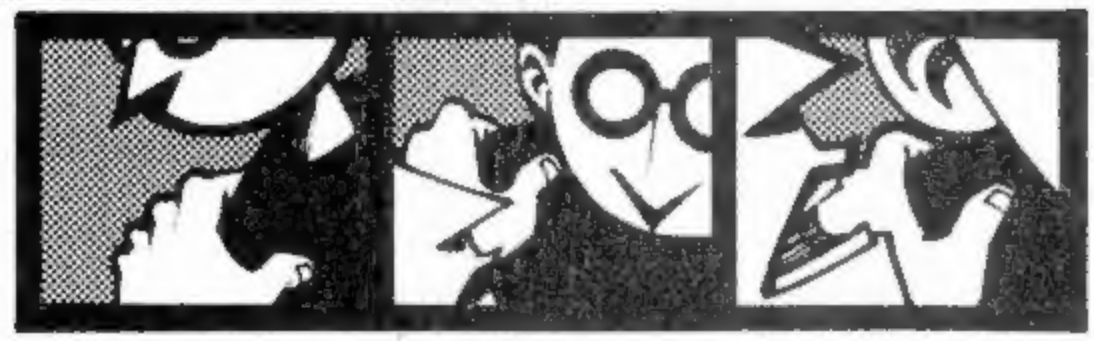

YEAH.
SO HE STARTED SCRUTINISING EVERYTHING THAT HAPPENED TO HIM, SCOURING THE NEWSPAPER FOR REVELATORY MISPRINTS, THAT SORT OF THING.


WHEN HE LEFT HOSPITAL ~ I'D STARTED VISITING HIM LESS AND LESS BECAUSE HE'D BECOME SO HARD TO DEAL WITH ~ HE MOVED WITH GRACE OUT TO THE COAST.


I VISITED HIM ONCE, A BUNCH OF US WENT. GOD, WAS THAT AWKWARD.
FHQMKWZ

AFTER A BRITTLE HALF-HOUR, ALEXANDER MAKING GRAND STATEMENTS ABOUT THE IMPENDING MIRACLE AND GRACE INTERRUPTING OUR REPLIES, DAVID TOLD HIM TO GET A GRIP AND ACCEPT WHAT HAD HAPPENED. HE GOT INTO A SHOUTING MATCH WITH GRACE, REALLY UNPLEASANT.

I AGREED OF COURSE, BUT I WAS JUST MORTIFIED, I COULDN'T SAY A THING. ANYWAY, GRACE ORDERED US OUT BECAUSE OF OUR 'HOSTILE VIBRATIONS,' BUT ALEXANDER CALLED ME BACK
AND SAID



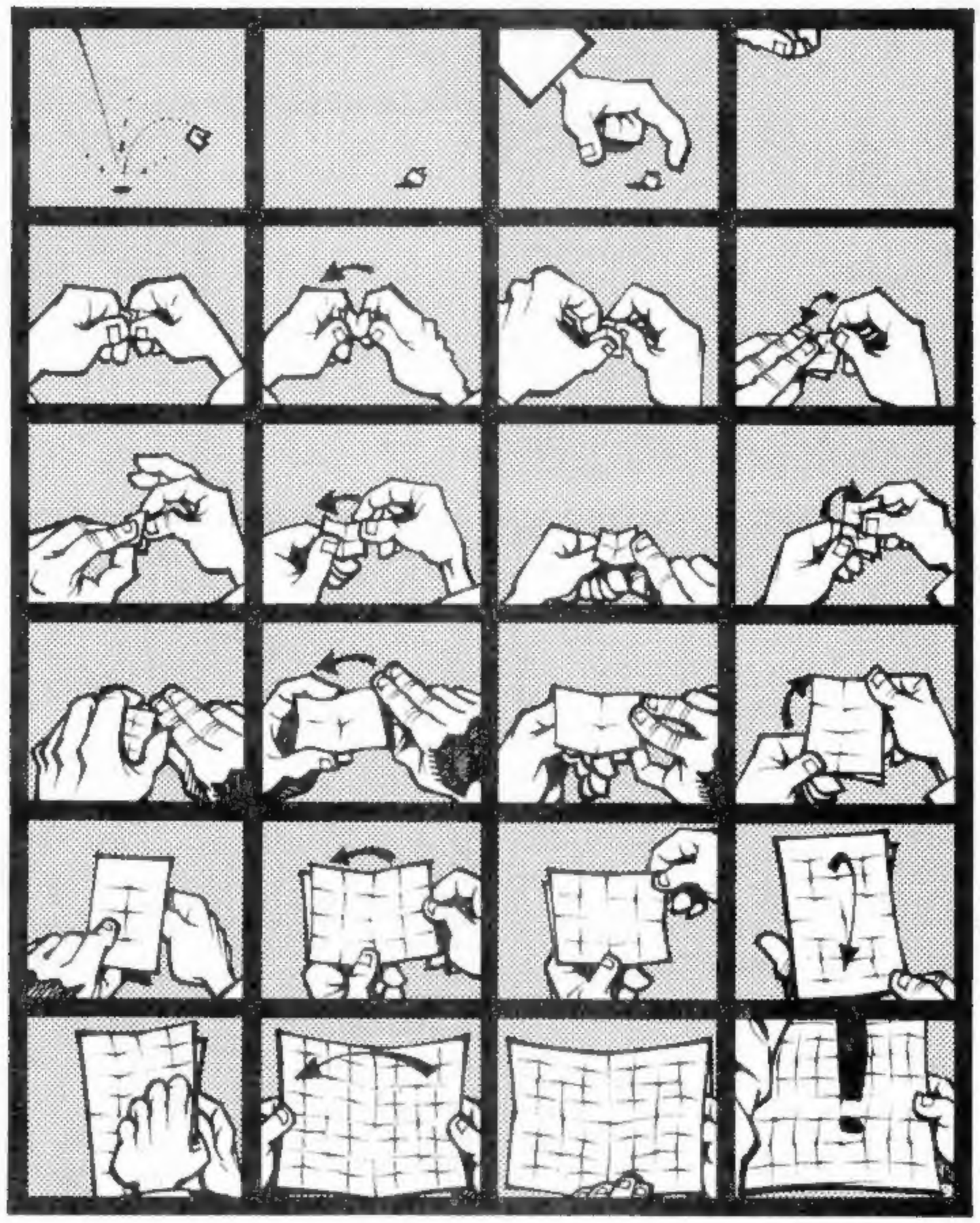
YOU'RE NOT THE SAME AS THEM, HE SAID, I CAN TELL. YOU'RE NOT THE FAITHLESS MUCK THEY ARE. I'LL TELL YOU WHAT. I'LL SEND YOU A SIGN, I'LL GIVE YOU MY MIRACLE.

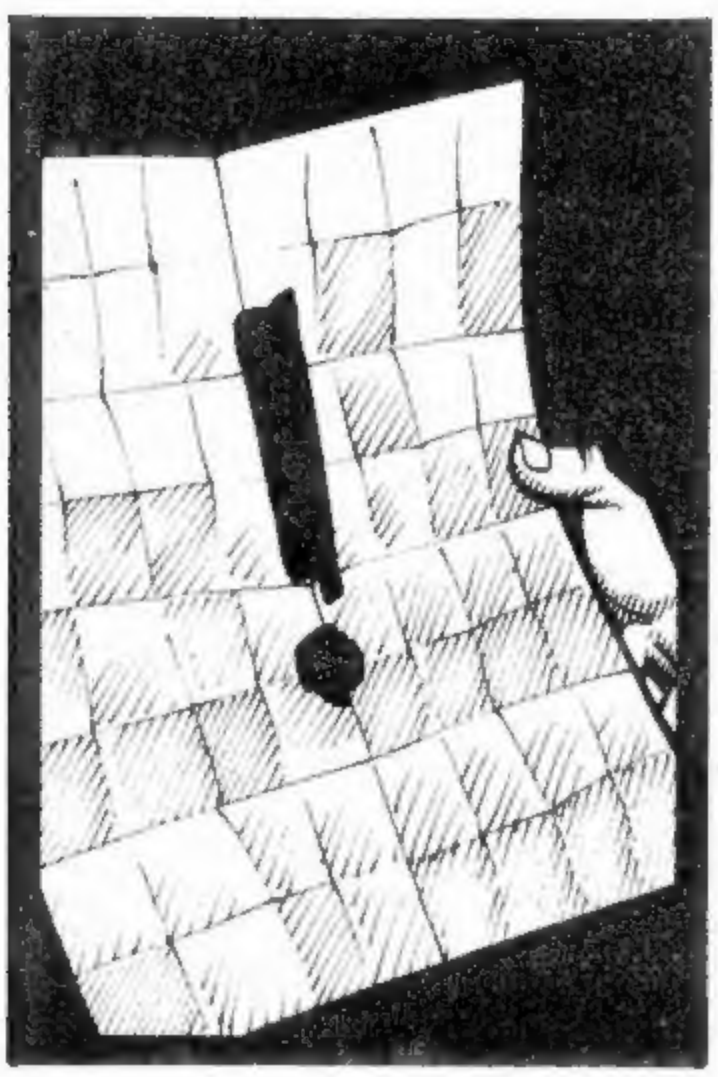
I'VE HEARD FROM HIM OCCASIONALLY SINCE, MOSTLY FERVID DOUBLETALK. IT'S WORST WHEN HE'S BEEN FASTING.
HE HAS THESE VISIONS, HIS ANGER BECOMES ALMOST PHYSICAL.
WHAT ABOUT THIS MORNING? WAS HE ANY DIFFERENT?

NO, CRAZY.

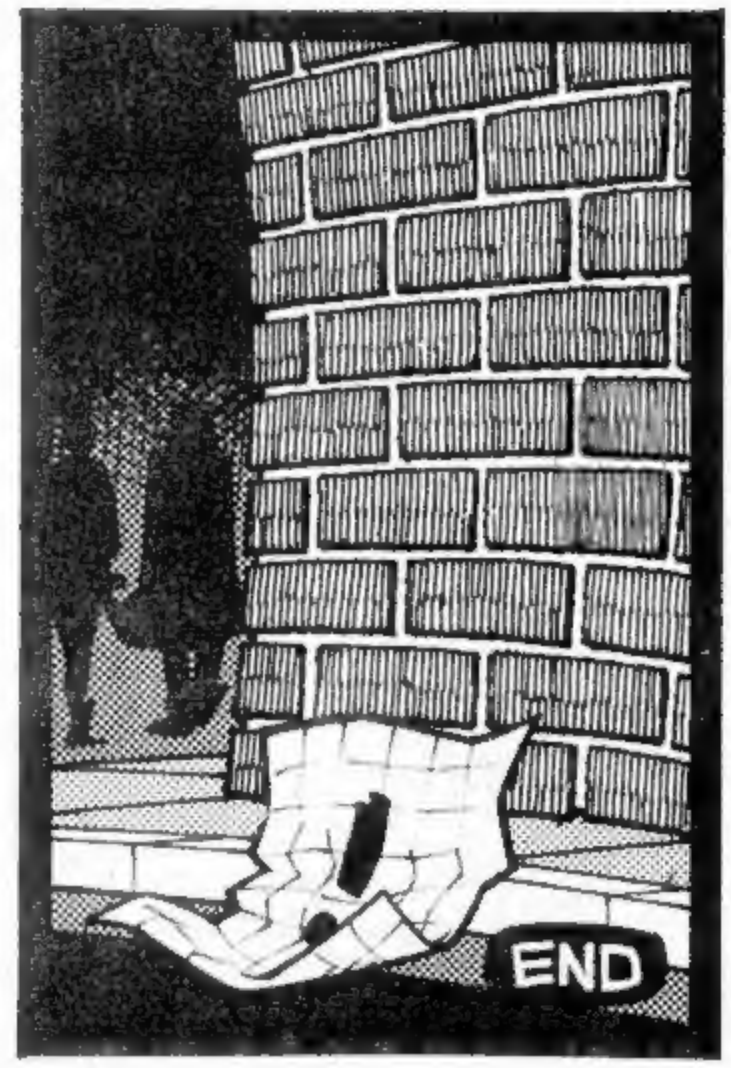
WHAT DOES HE SAY?

IT'S EMPTY.





IDIOT.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BLACKMAIL!

CONGRATULATIONS! YOU HAVE JUST DEFACED A **POTENTIALLY VALUABLE** COLLECTORS' ITEM COMICS MAGAZINE!

FOLD HERE

CUTTY CUTTY

KINDLY SEND ME THE FOLLOWING FABULOUS CARTOON TREASURES AND BE QUICK ABOUT IT, MY MAN!

- ☐ ART d'ECCO 1 ____ $2.75
- ☐ ART d'ECCO 2 ____ 2.75
- ☐ ART d'ECCO 3 ____ 2.75
- ☐ ART d'ECCO 4 ____ 2.75
- ☐ KNUCKLES 1 ____ 2.50
- ☐ KNUCKLES 2 ____ 2.50
- ☐ LEATHER UNDERWEAR ____ 2.50
- ☐ ZOOT! 1 ____ 2.50
- ☐ ZOOT! 2 ____ 2.50
- ☐ ZOOT! 3 ____ 2.50
- ☐ ZOOT! 4 ____ 2.50
- ☐ ZOOT! 5 ____ 2.50

I ENCLOSE $_____ PLUS $2 POSTAGE ($3 OUTSIDE THE USA) FOR THE ITEMS I HAVE TICKED, BECAUSE THAT'S HOW SAD I AM.

Name: _____

Address: _____

BETTER BUY ANOTHER PRISTINE COPY RIGHT AWAY, AND WHILE YOU'RE AT IT, WHY NOT STOCK UP ON THESE OTHER **'RARE AS HENS' TEETH'** INVESTMENTS!

OTHERWISE ~ WE EXPOSE **MORE SKIN!**

STICK IT IN AN ENVELOPE AND SEND IT TO:

FANTAGRAPHICS BOOKS
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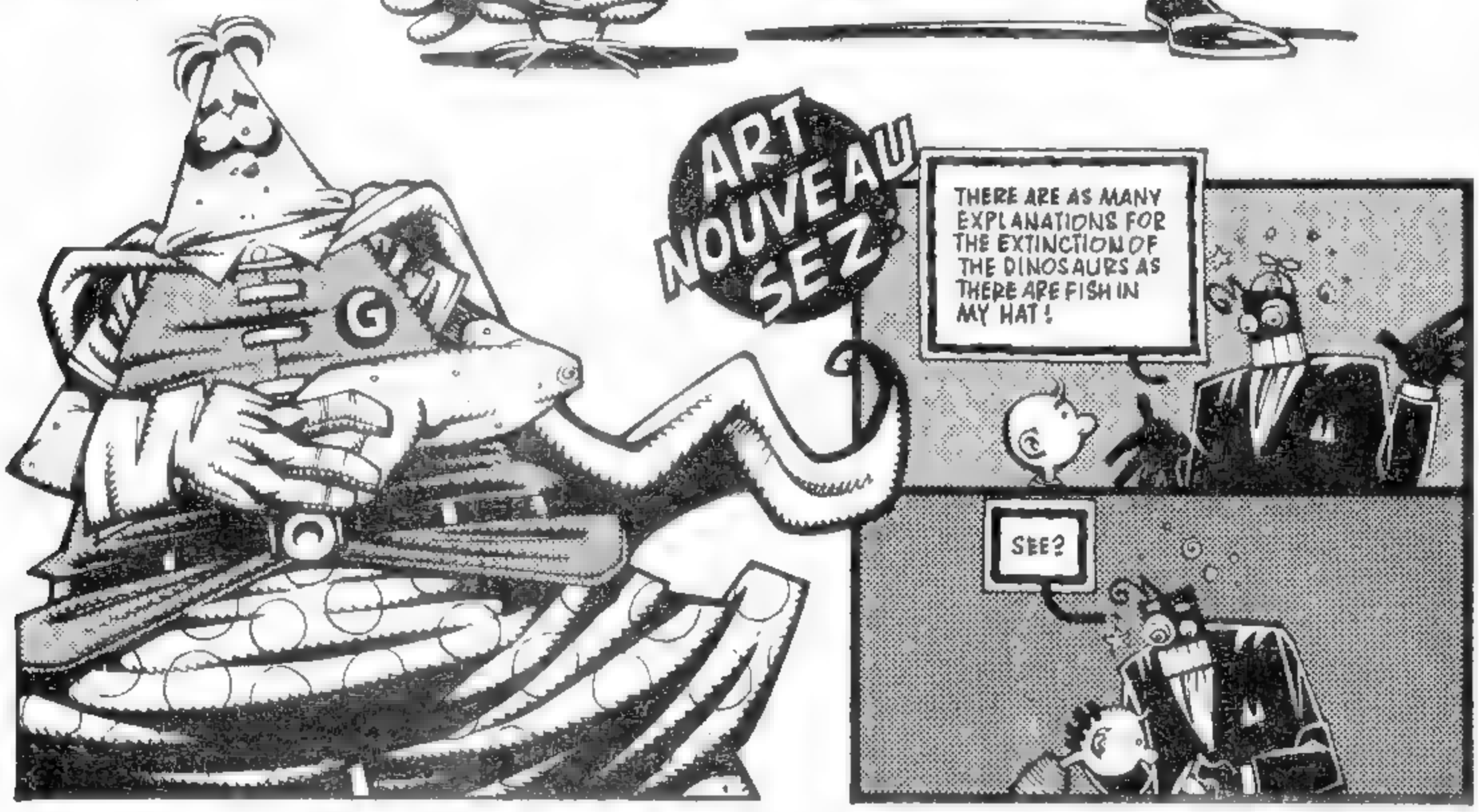
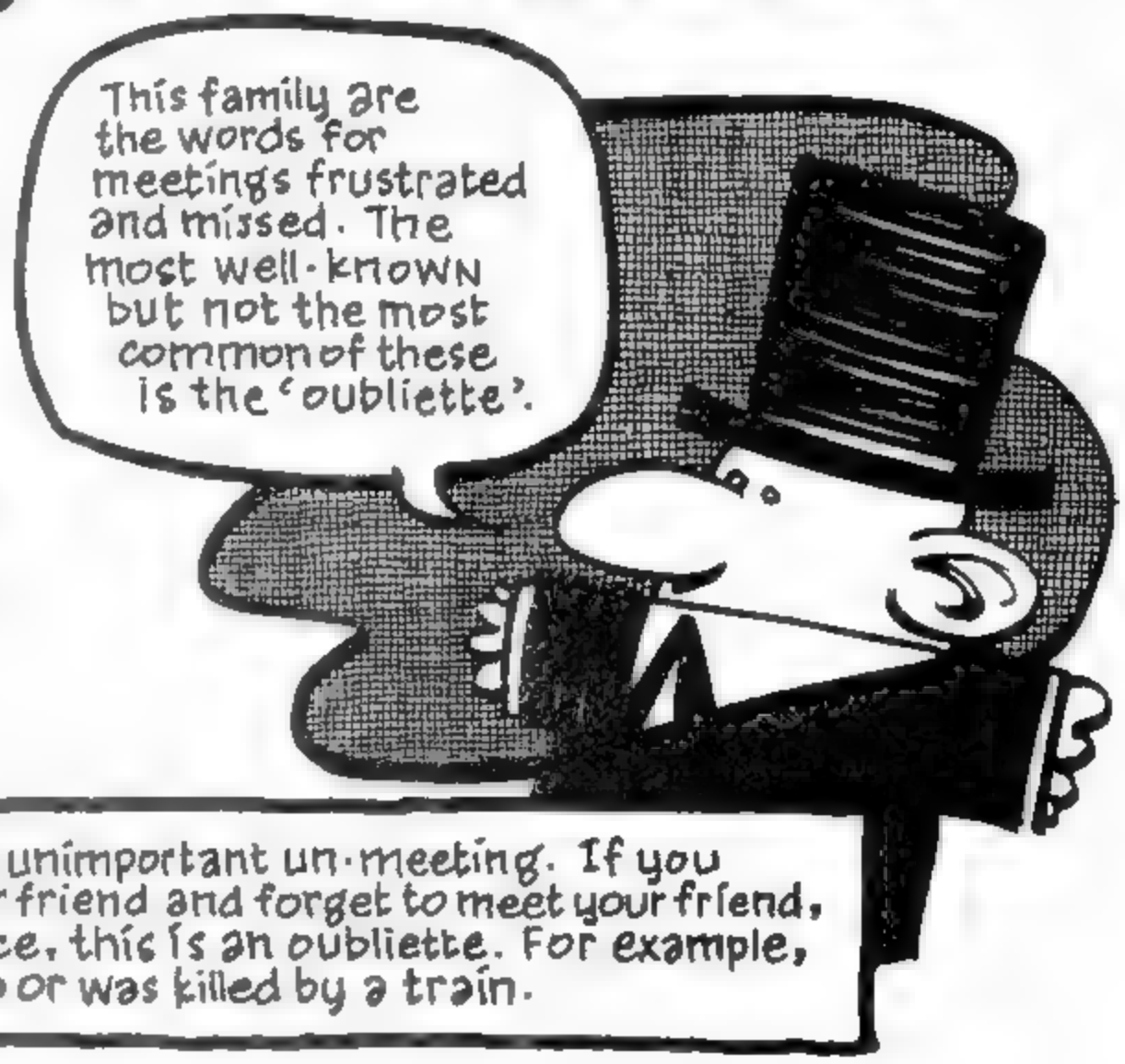
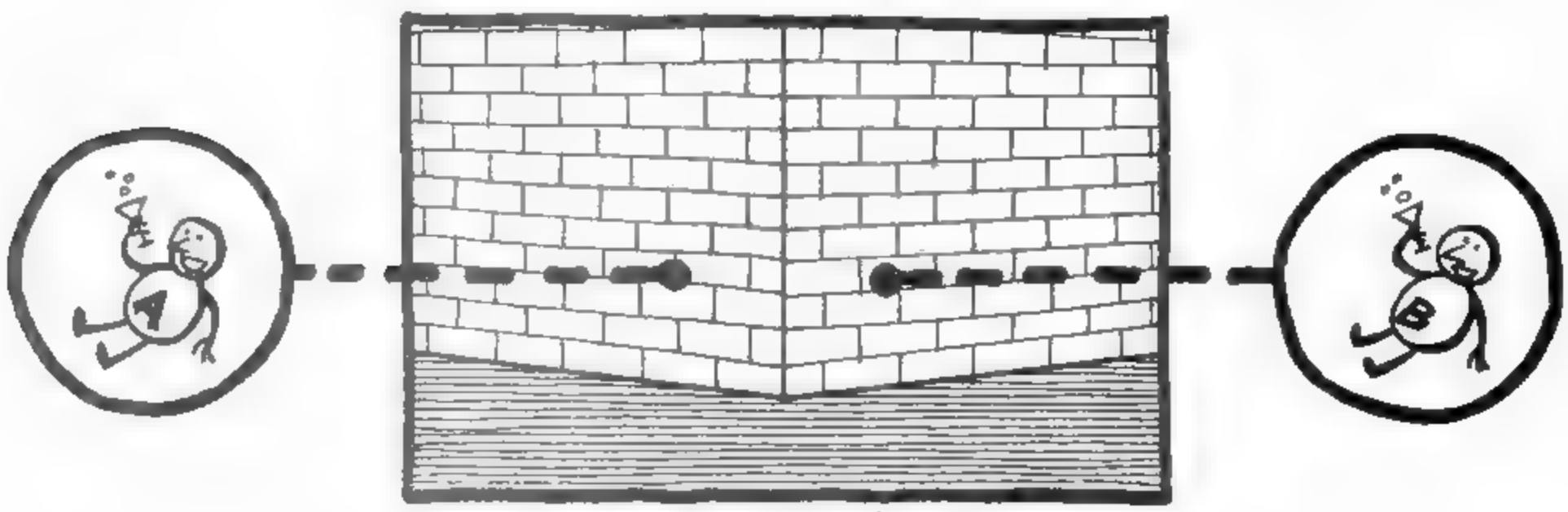
U.S.A!



A Dictionary of Oubliettes

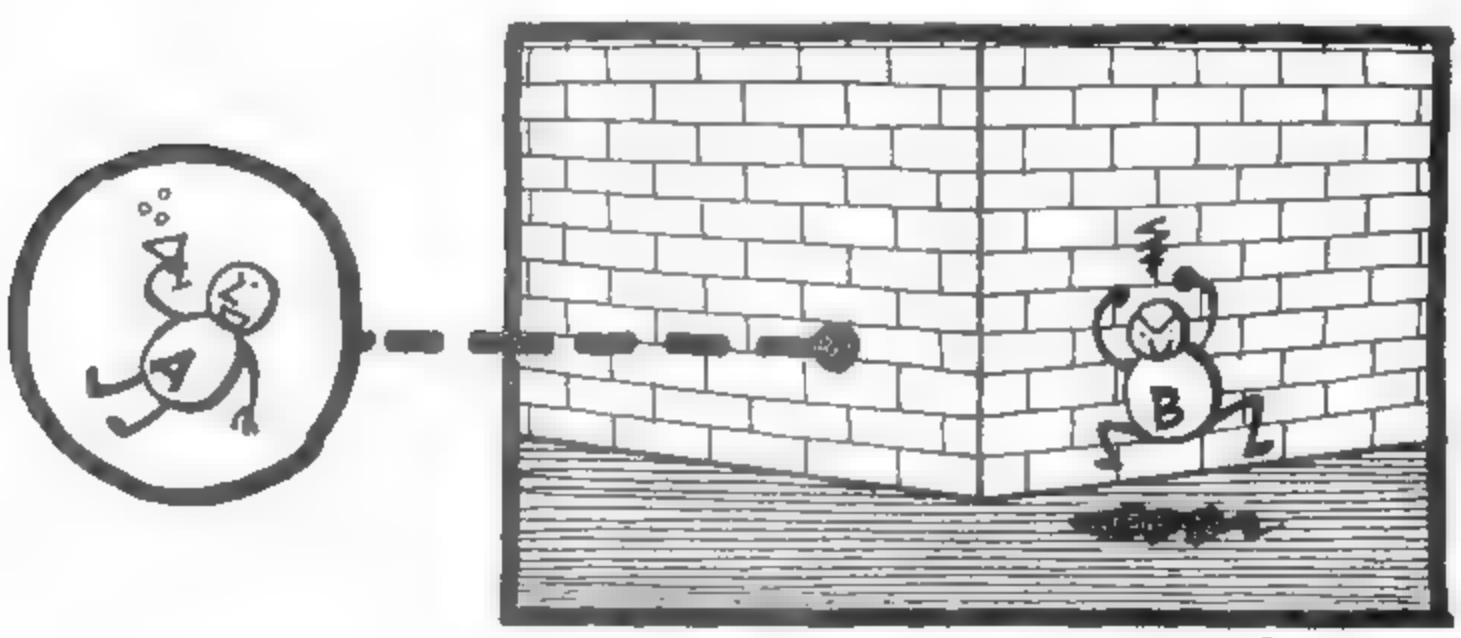


'Une oubliette' is an unimportant un-meeting. If you agree to meet your friend and forget to meet your friend, but it is of no importance, this is an oubliette. For example, he forgot to meet also or was killed by a train.



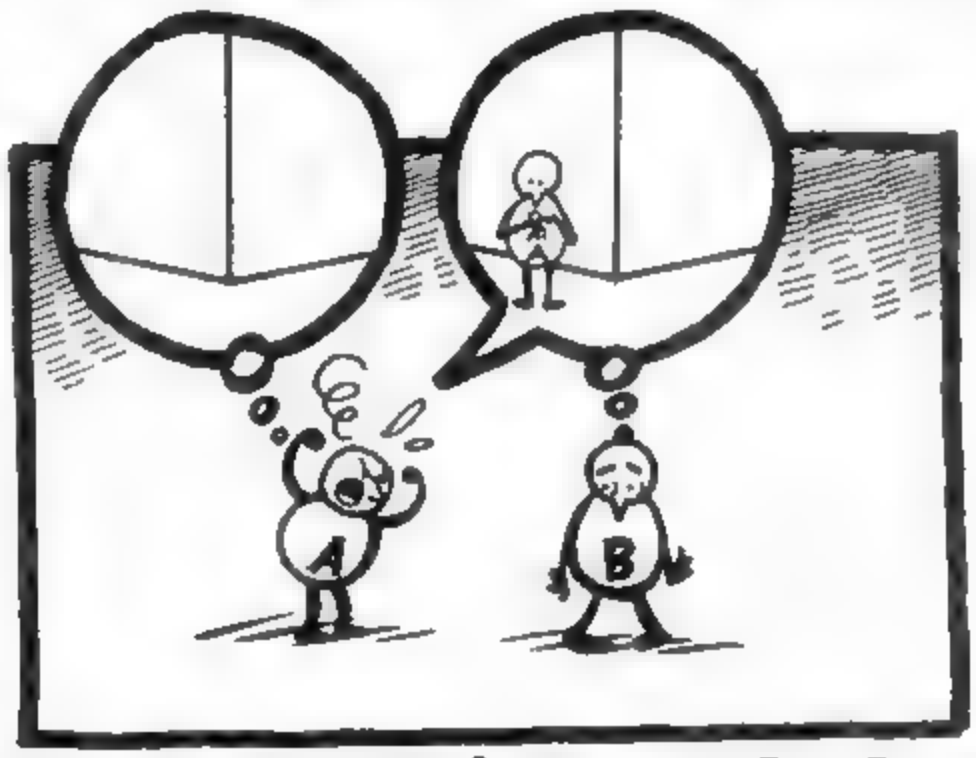
UNE OUBLIETTE

On the other-hand, 'le grand oublier' is the meeting that only one person forgets and the other becomes angry.



LE GRAND OUBLIER

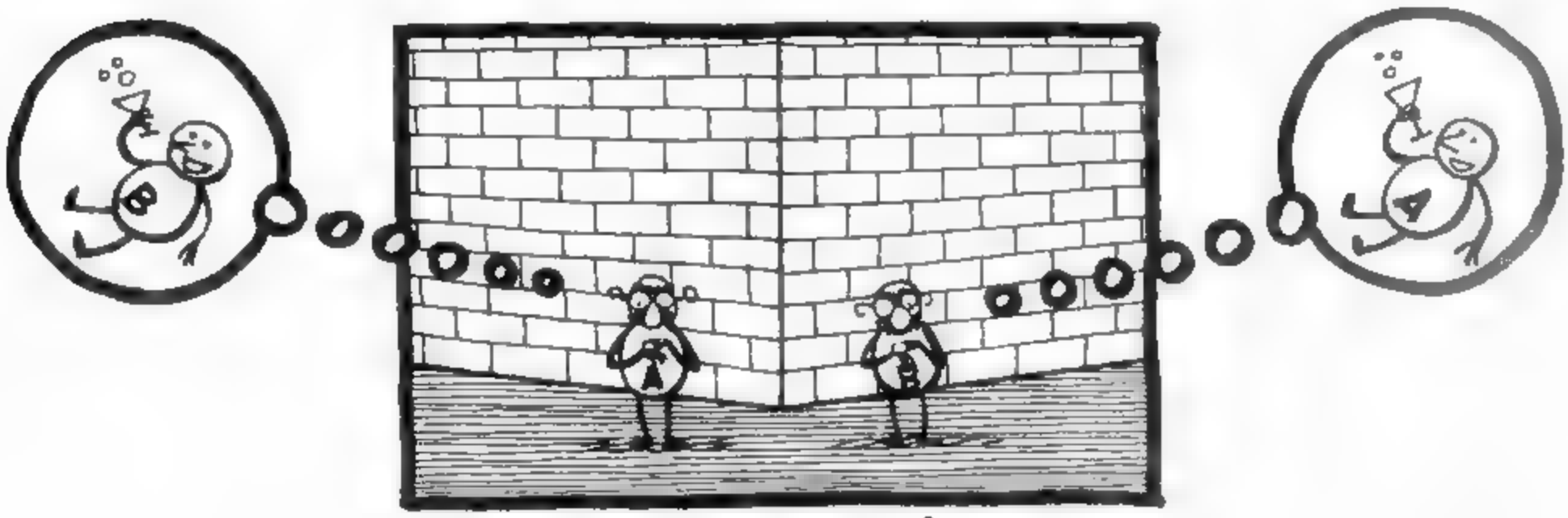
'Le grand oublier de convenance' is in effect an oubliette but one of the people to meet pretends that one was there to make feel guilty the other.



Le Grand Oublier de Convenance

On the other hand, there is 'le grand oublier-faux'.

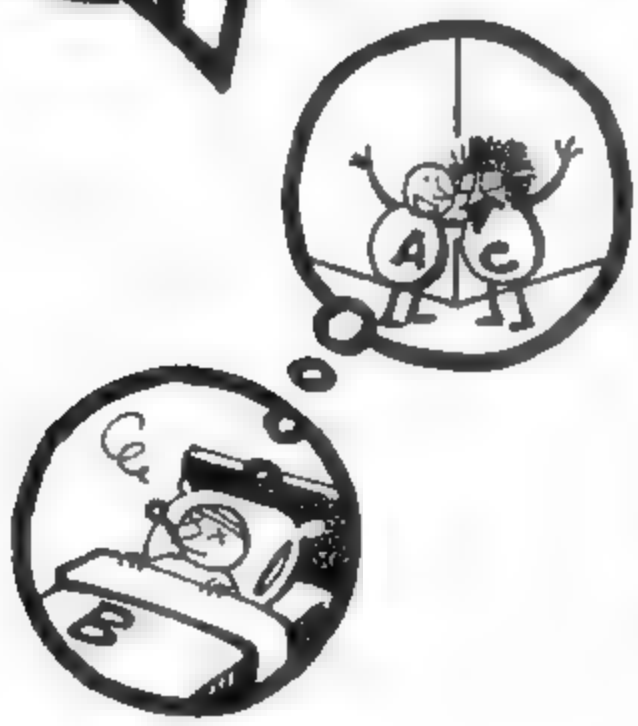
'Le grand oublier-faux' is the meeting that is a meeting but is unsuccessful because the people do not recognise the other person. They meet but they think that they do not. Everybody returns to home disappointed.

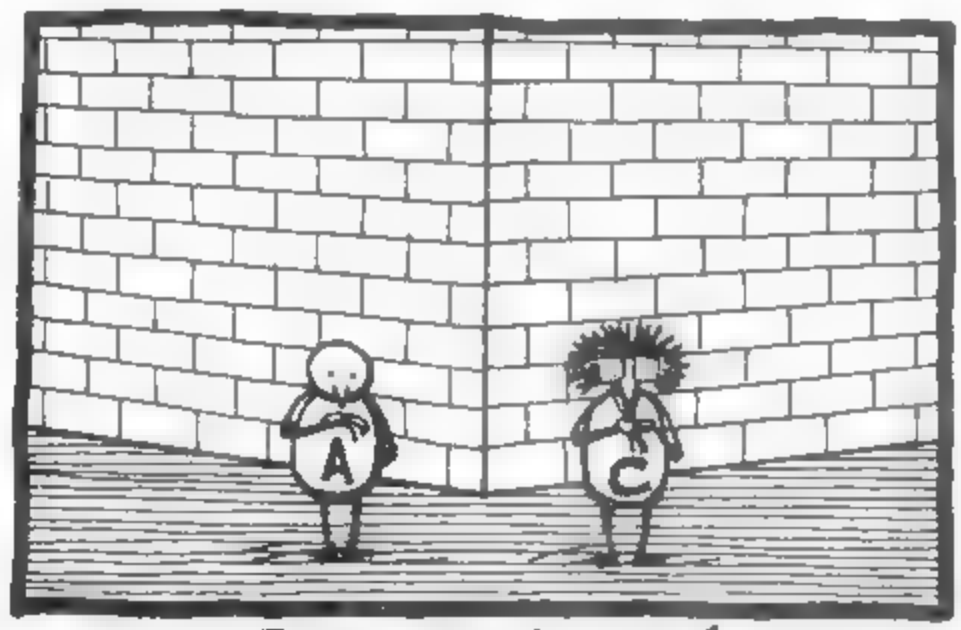


Le Grand Oublier-Faux

On the other hand, 'le grand oublier étranger' is a relation of 'le grand oublier-faux' because once more there is the meeting but it does not succeed.

Here one of the meeters sends a friend in his place but the two people do not realise that they are the two people to meet.

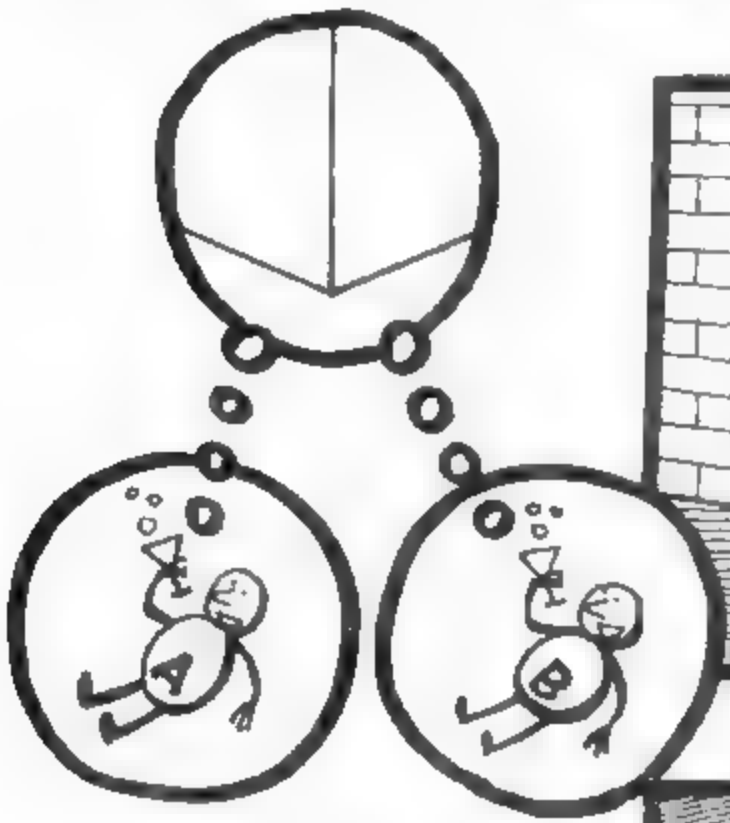


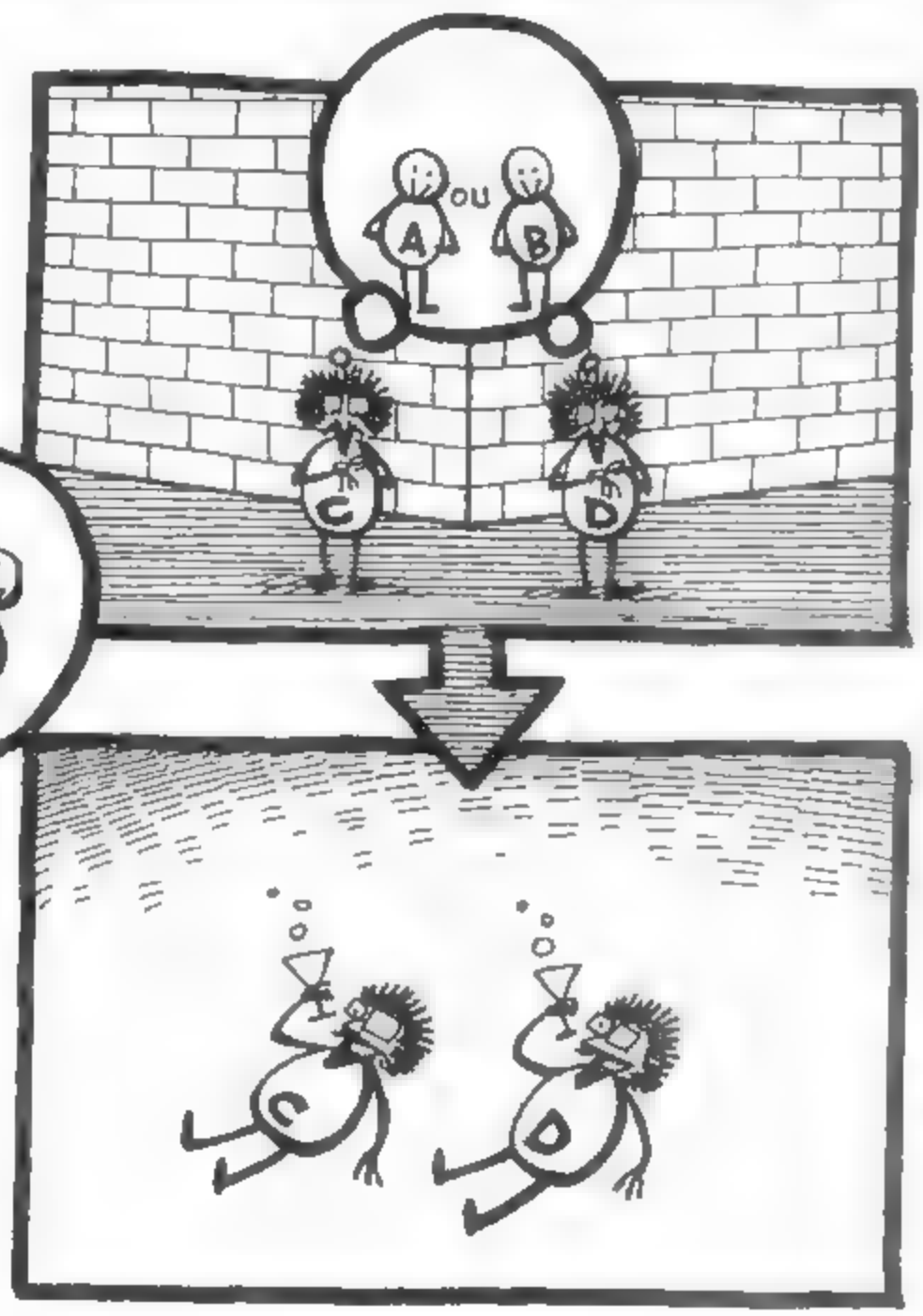


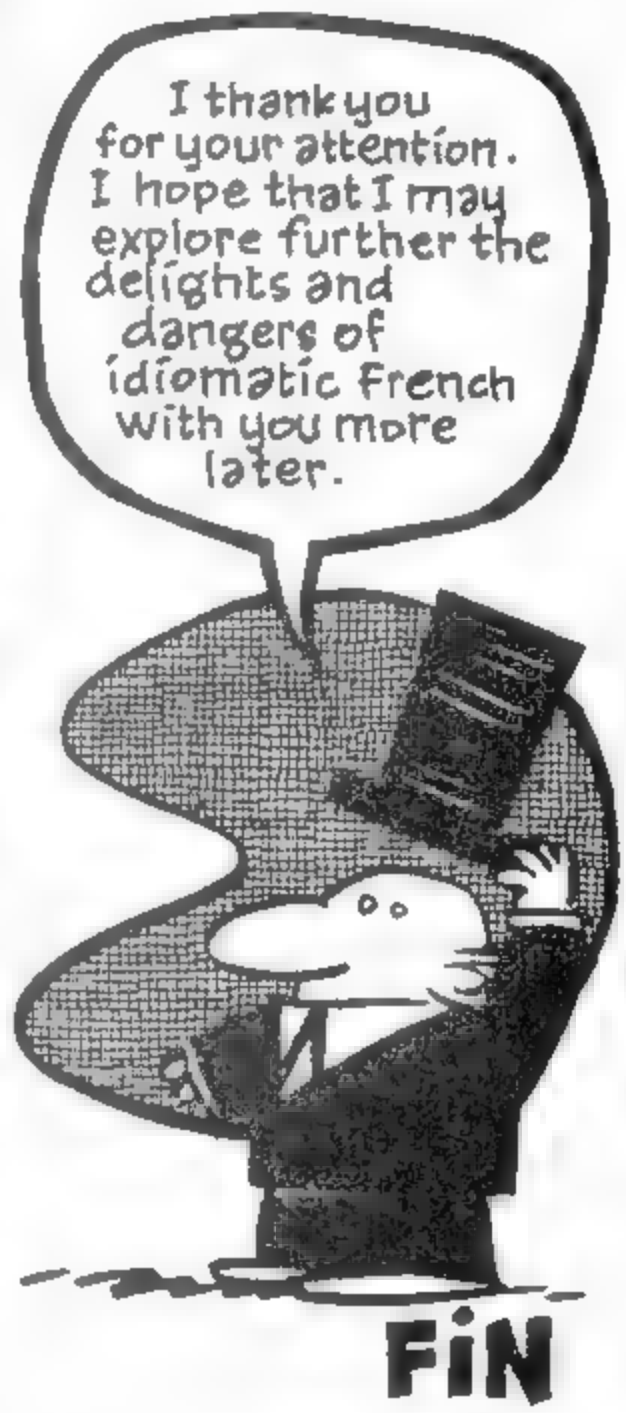
Le Grand Oublier Étranger

Finally, 'le grand oublier extraordinaire', a variation on 'le grand oublier étranger'.

Two people arrange a meeting. They each invite a different friend. The original pair cancel the meeting but forget to tell their different friends. The different friends go to the meeting place and find nobody known. They chat a little, they forget their original plans and decide to enjoy themselves together. But they never learn that they were intended to meet the other.



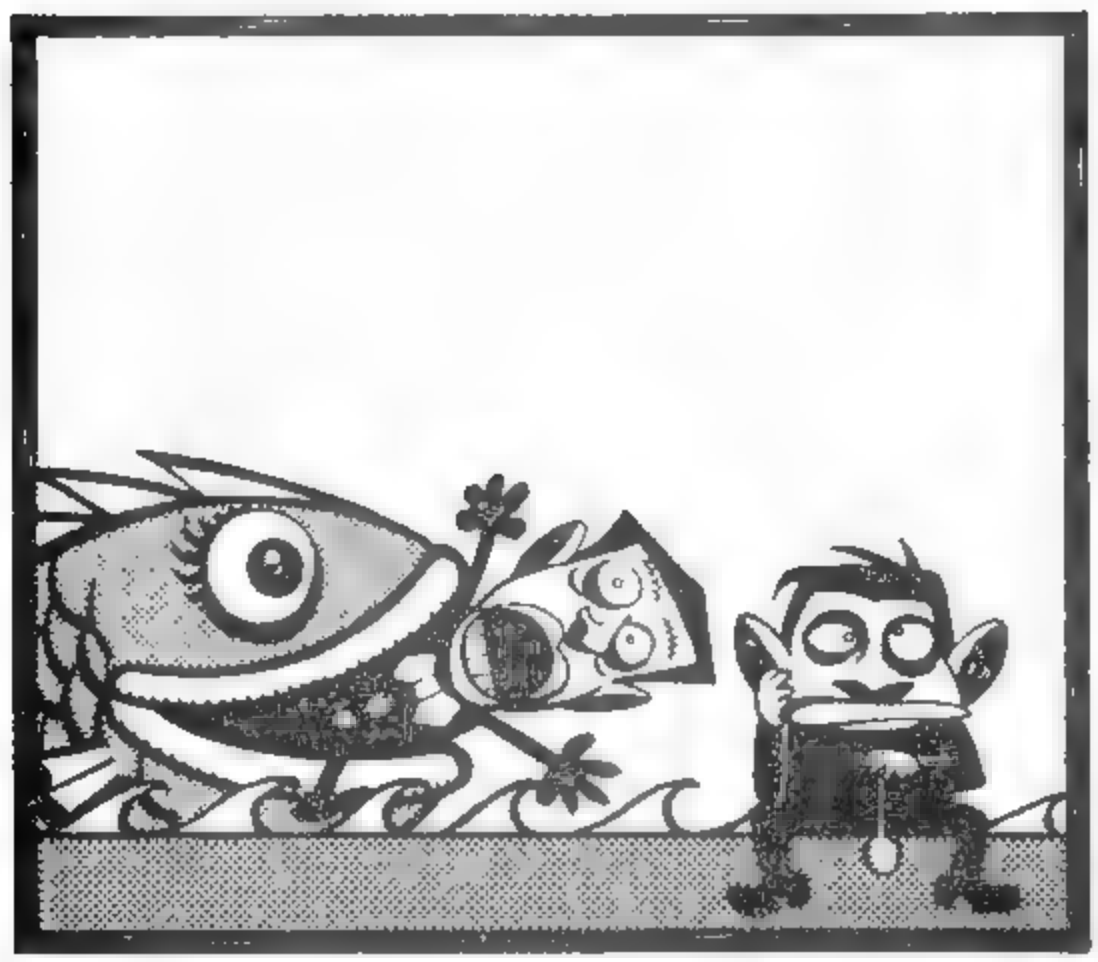




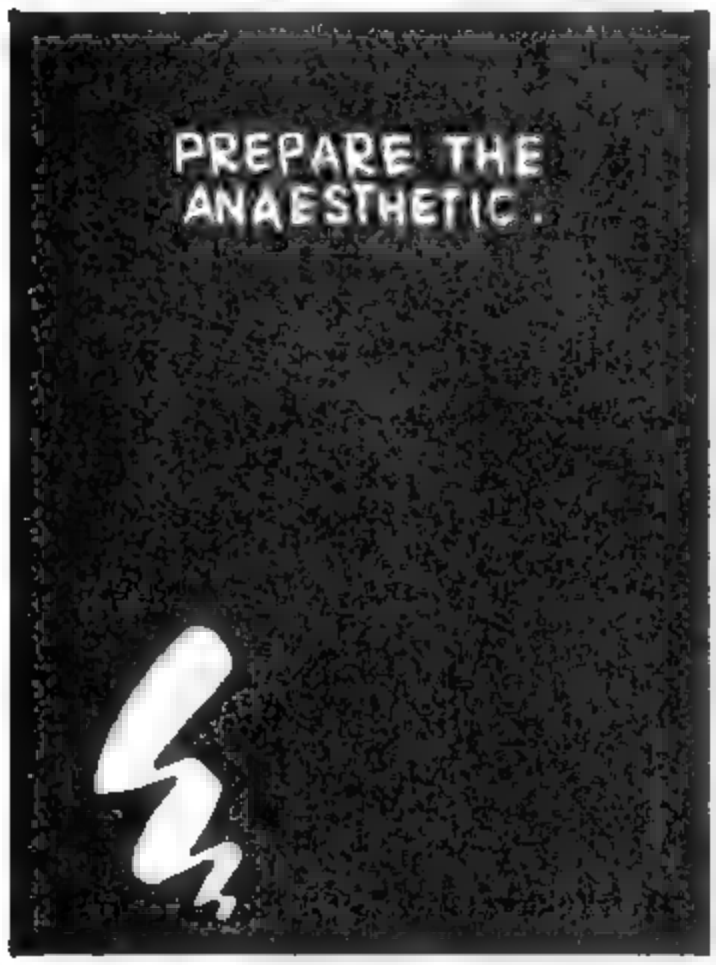
Le Grand Oublier Extra-ordinaire

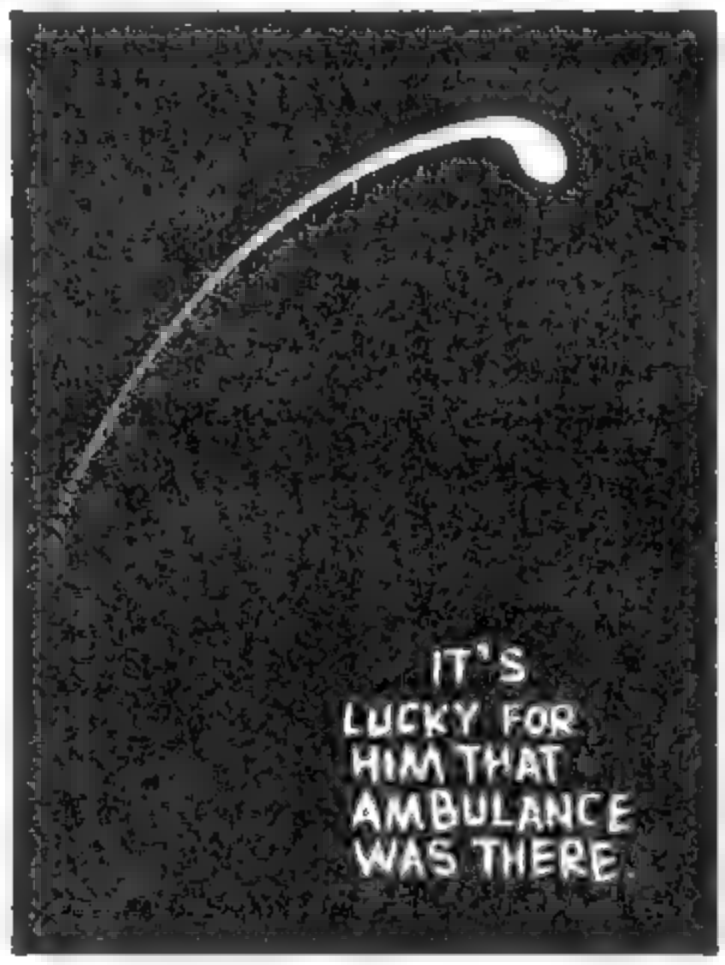
FIN

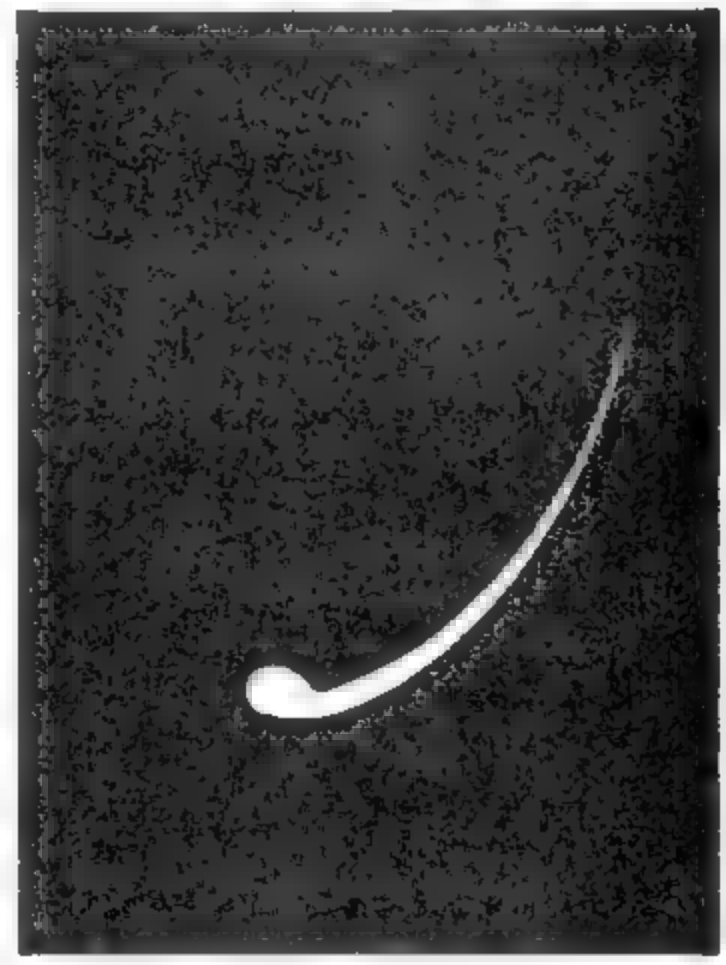
LAUGH! WITH THOSE WACKY TIME TRAVELLERS

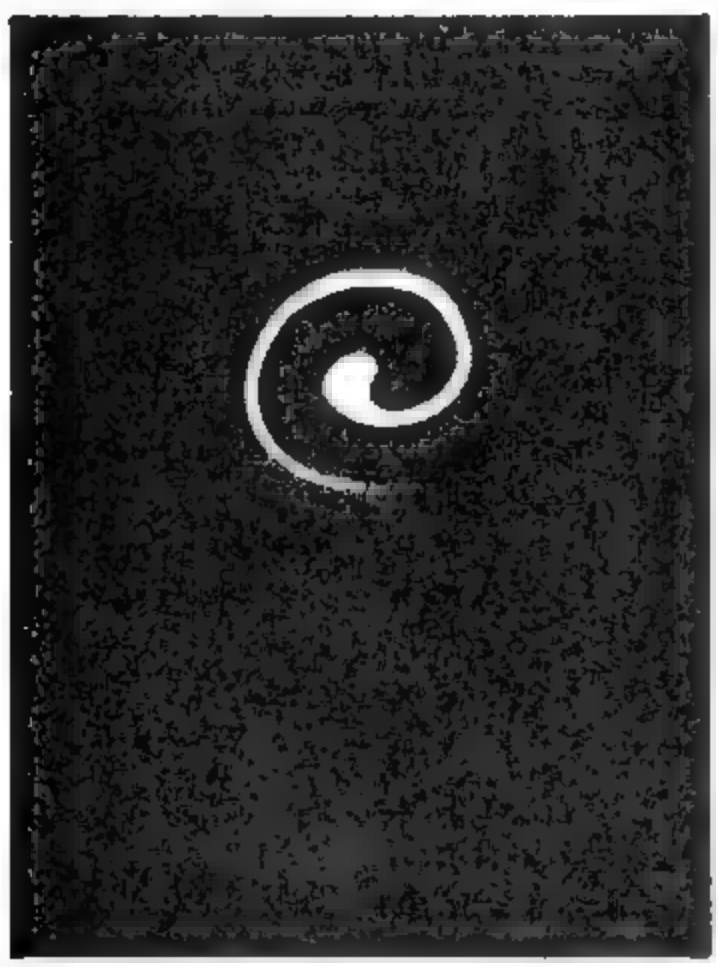


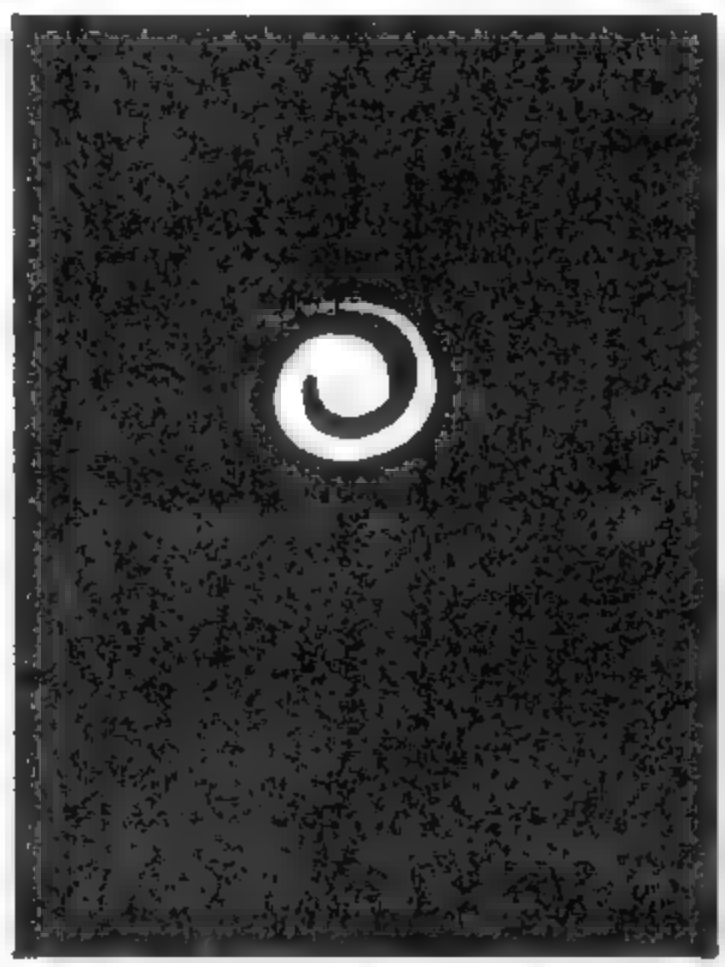
THE JOURNEY HALFWAY 5

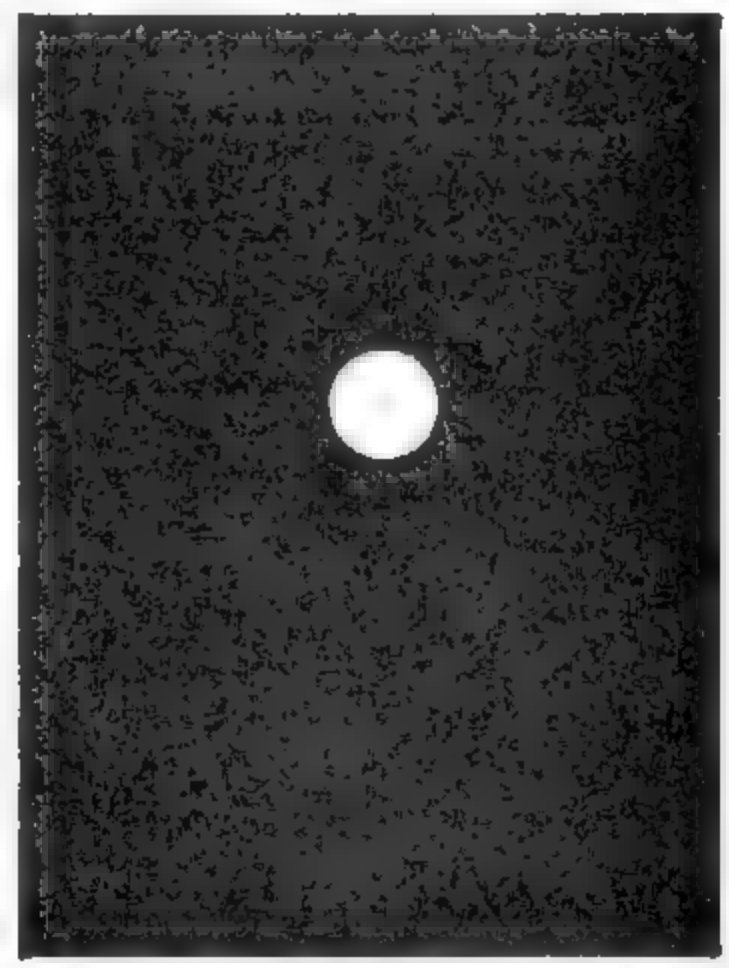


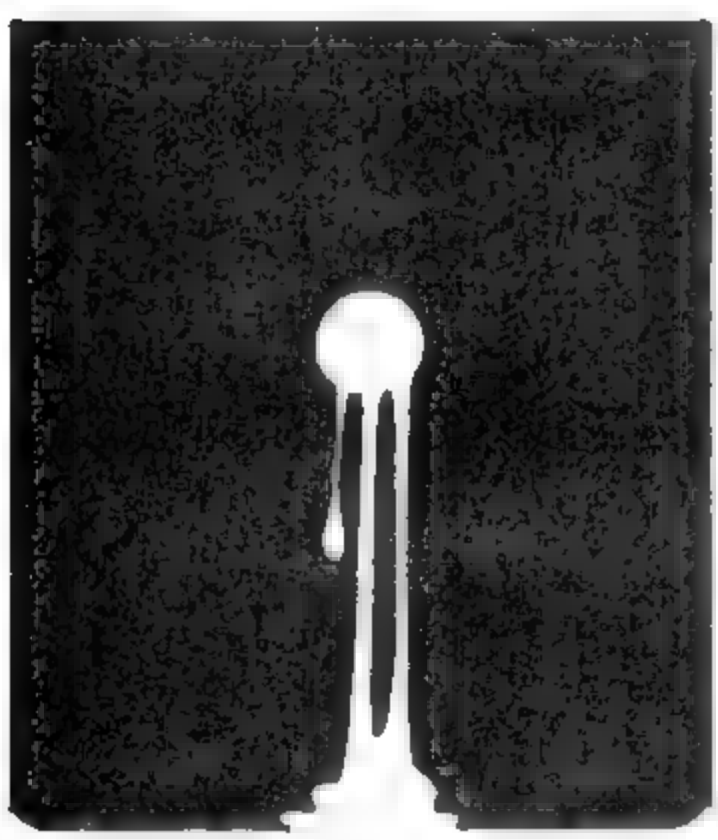




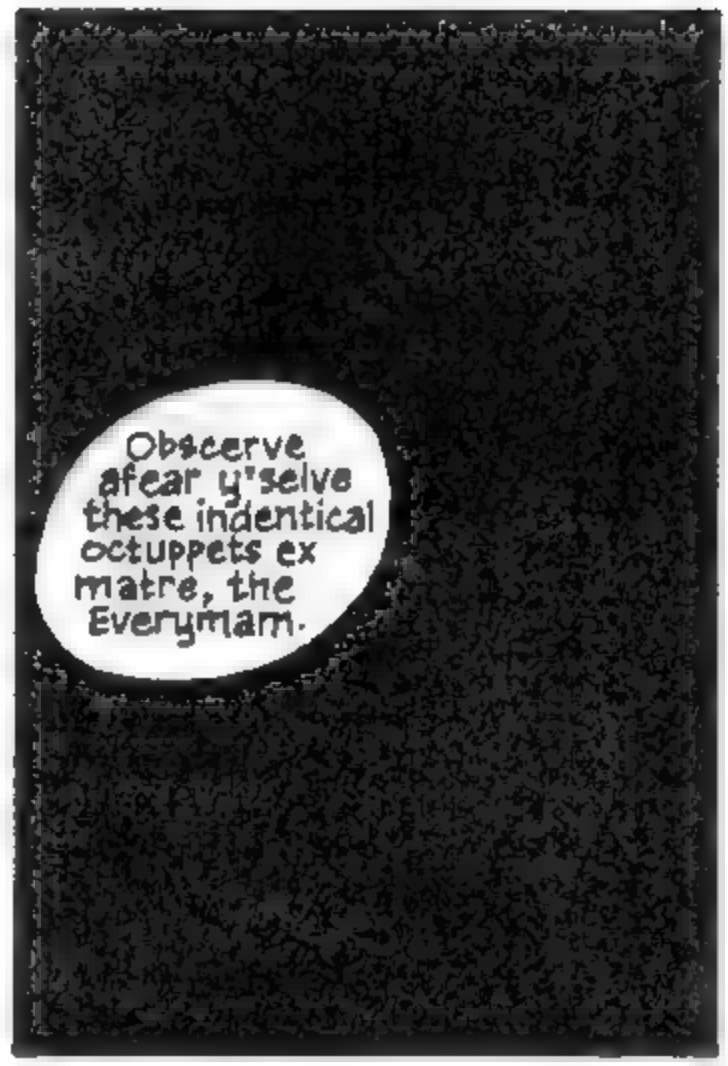


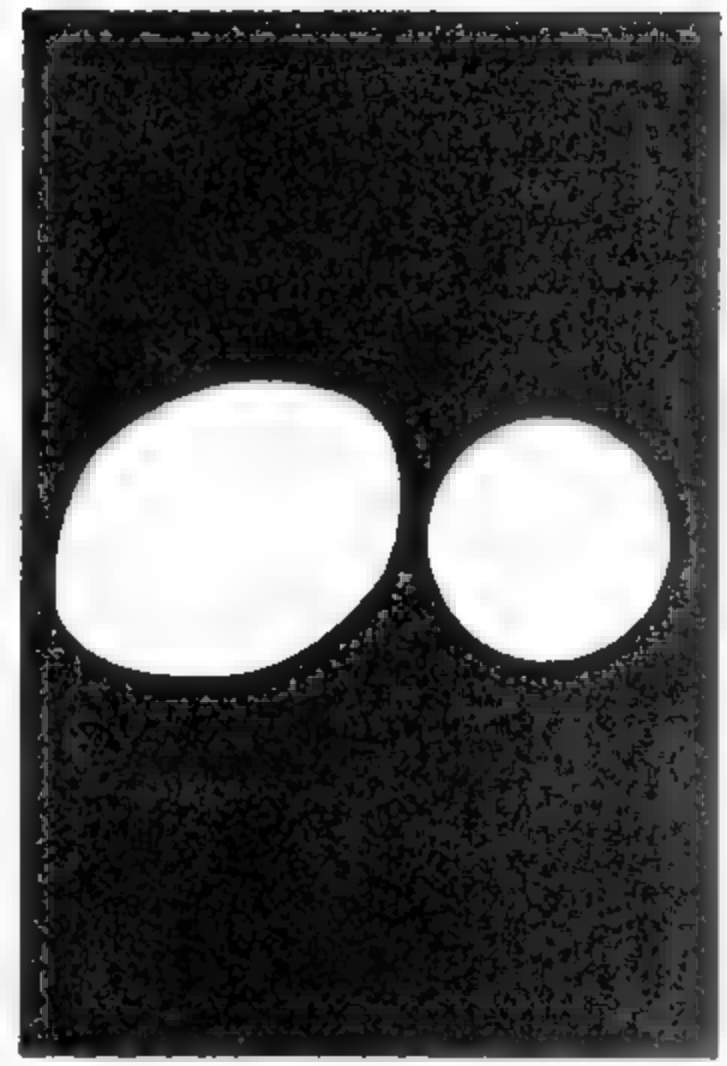






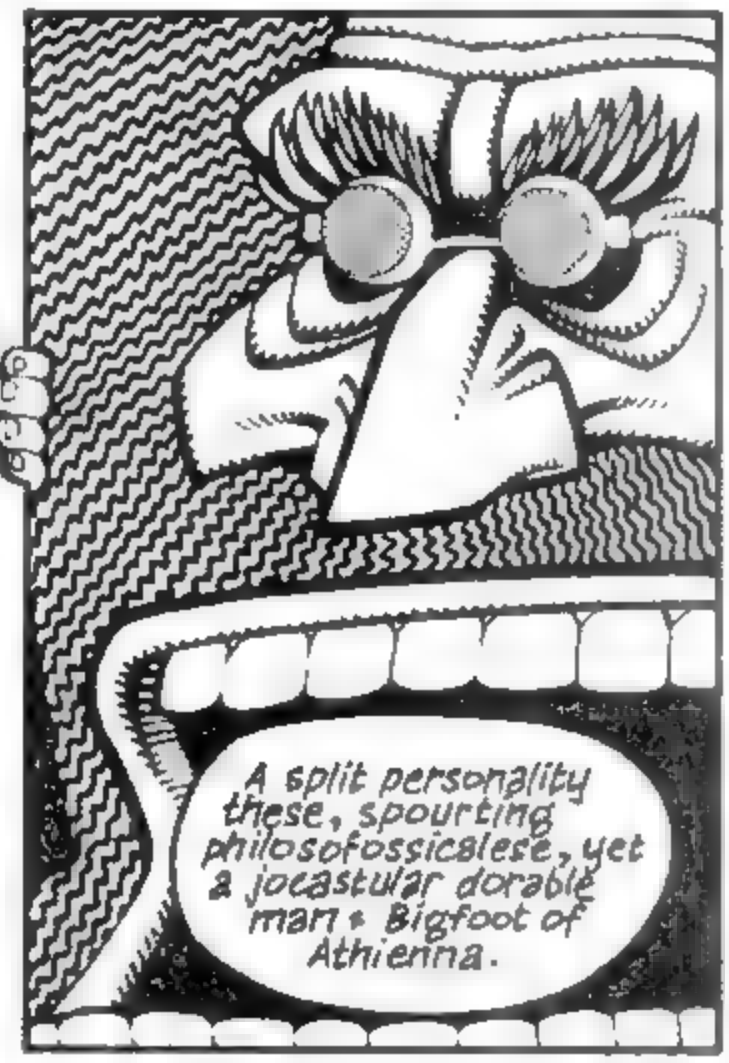
Nixt, neither, nunnabove ...

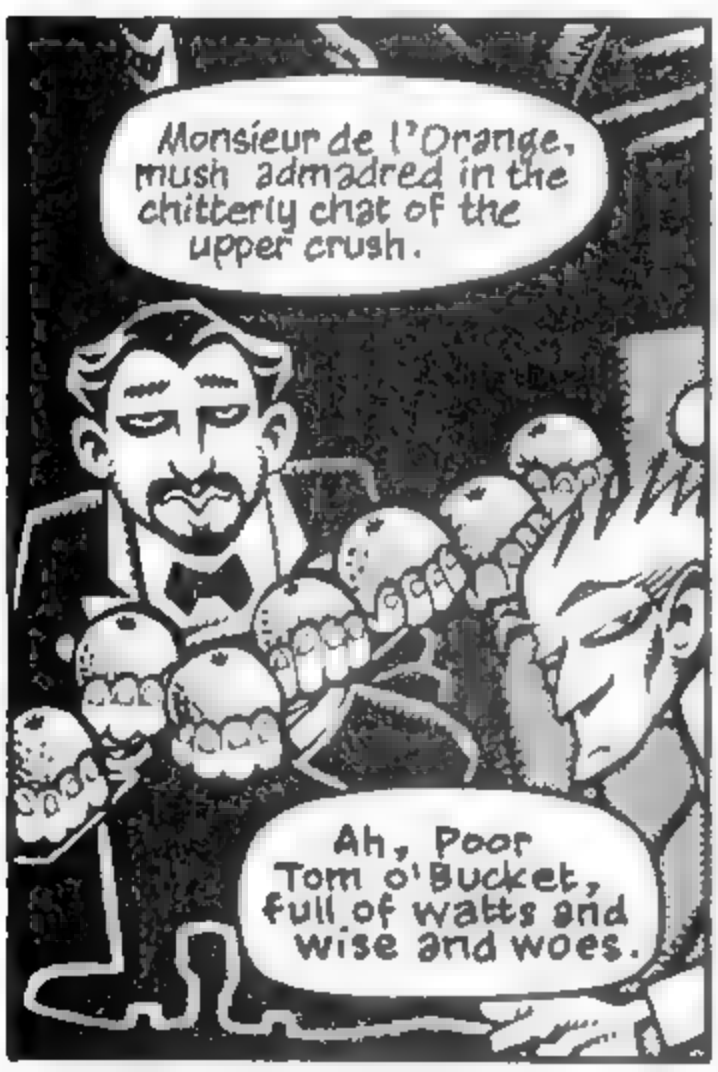

Obscerve afear y'selve these indentical octuppets ex matre, the Everymam.



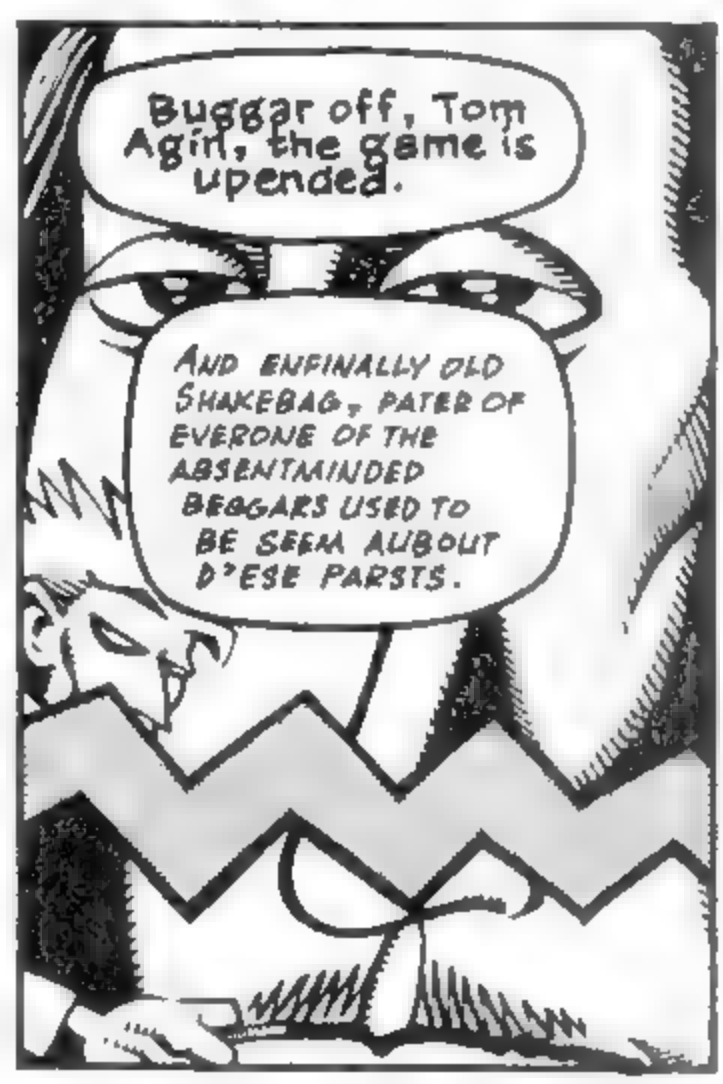
Dainty Al, virgilant commedian

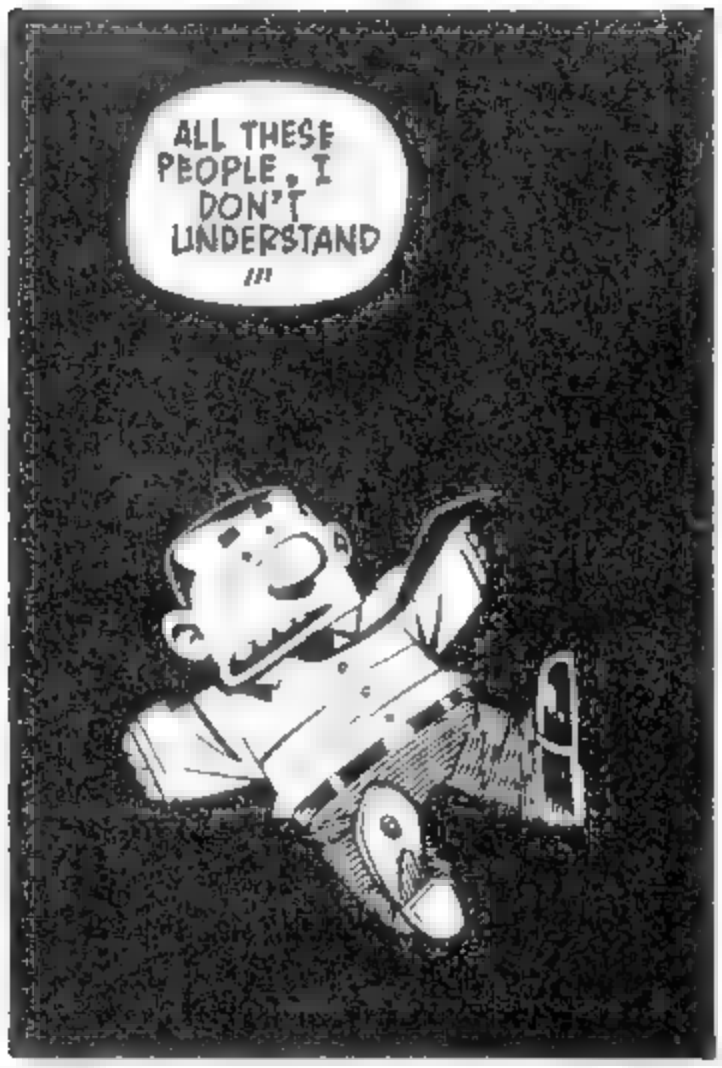
Yeasty Bill, the wee battler, too sure conversioning mongst hisselfe retatetatetatet. Conversioning us. List, speak hisstory, ussstory.

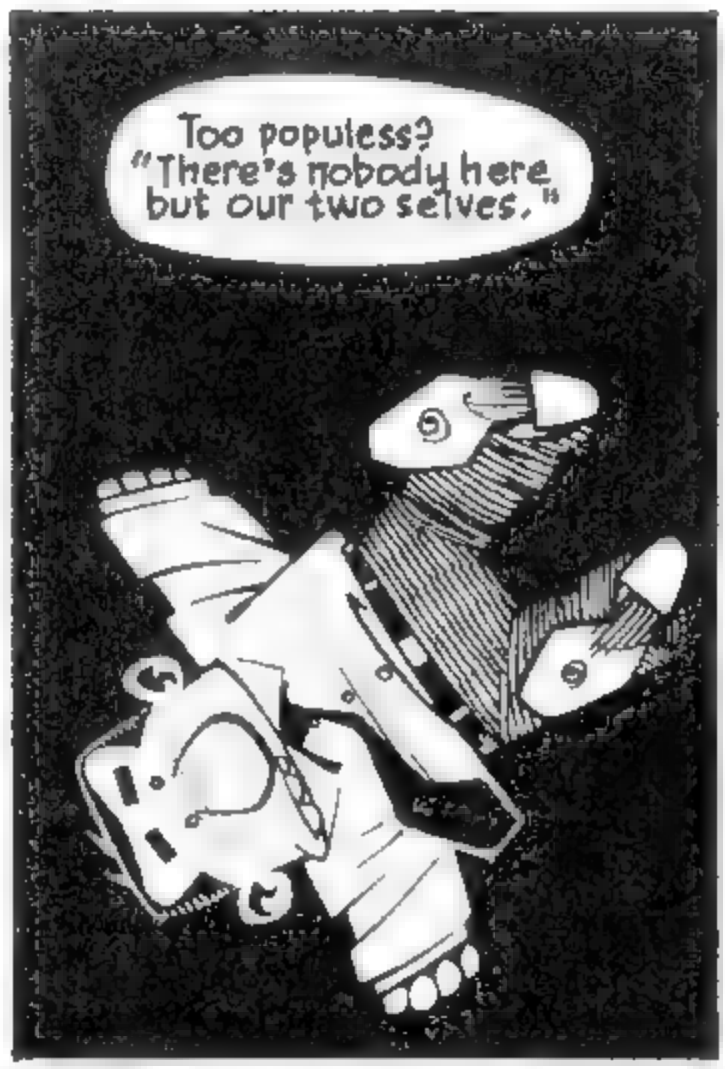

A split personality these, spourting philosofossicalese, yet a jocastular dorable man. Bigfoot of Athienna.

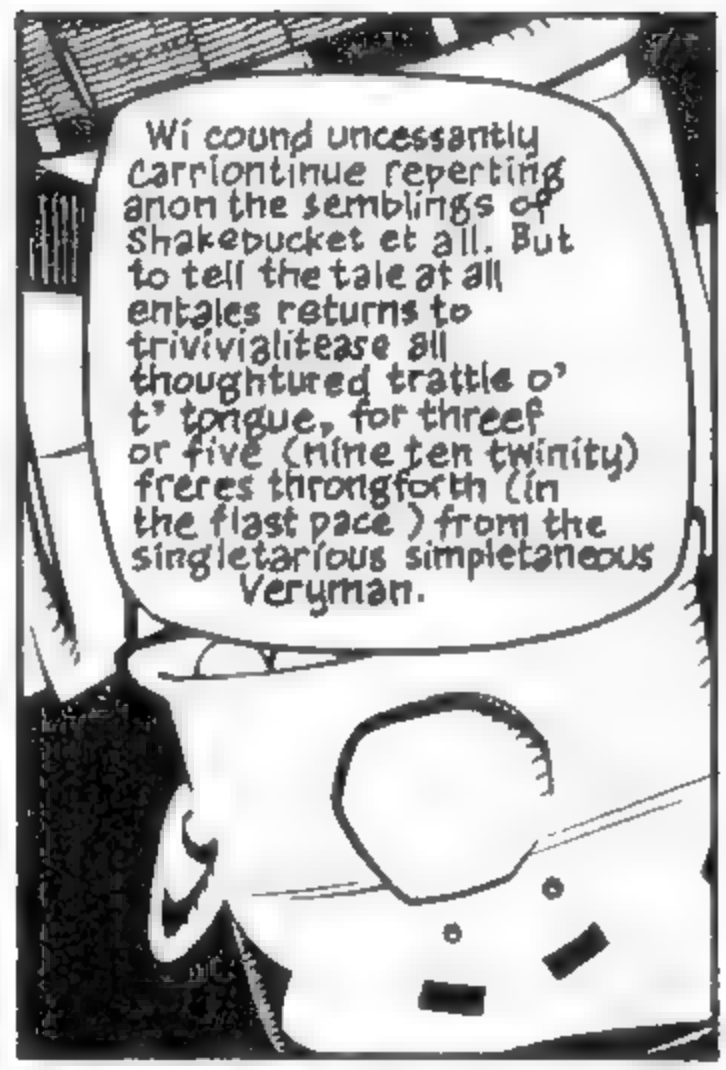

Monsieur de l'Orange, mush admadred in the chitterly chat of the upper crush.
Ah, Poor Tom o'Bucket, full of watts and wise and woes.

Jokamo Deedledum, preemanent textile purvericator and in deed yours truly.


Buggar off, Tom Agin, the game is upended.
AND ENFINALLY OLD SHAKEBAG, PATER OF EVERONE OF THE ABSENTMINDED BEGGARS USED TO BE SEEM AUBOUT D'ESE PARSTS.


ALL THESE PEOPLE, I DON'T UNDERSTAND ...


Too populess? "There's nobody here but our two selves."

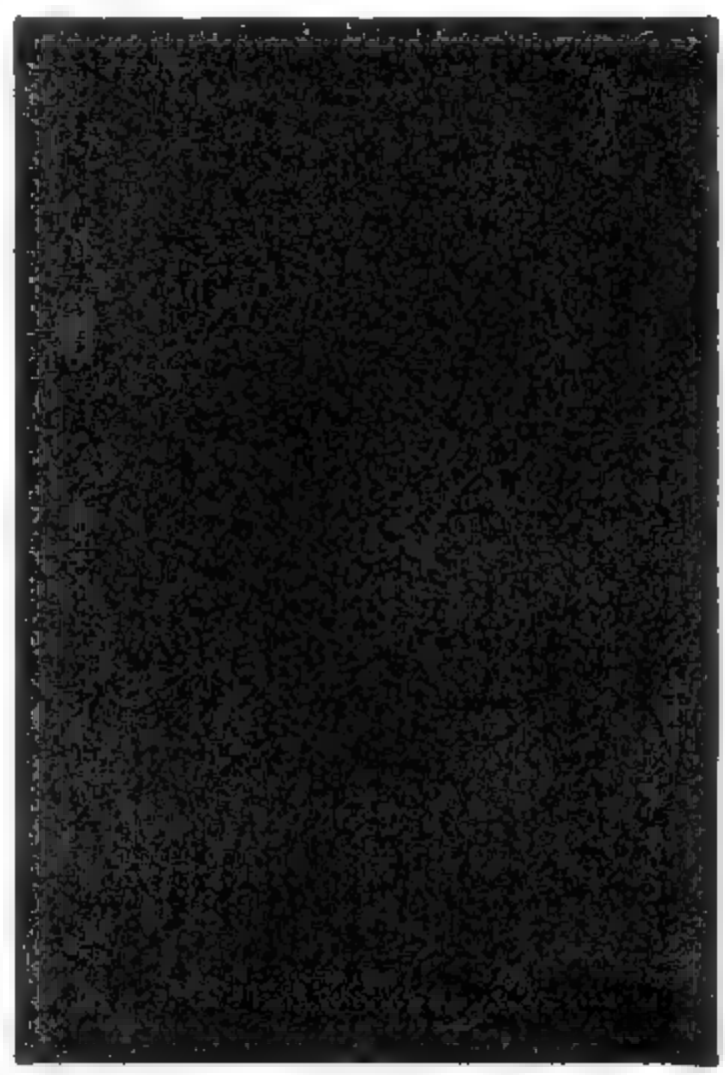

Wi cound uncessantly carriontinue reperting anon the semblings of Shakepucket et all. But to tell the tale at all entales returns to trivivialitease all thoughtured trattle o' t' tongue, for threef or five (nine ten twinity) freres throngforth (in the flast pace) from the singletarious simpletaneous Veryman.

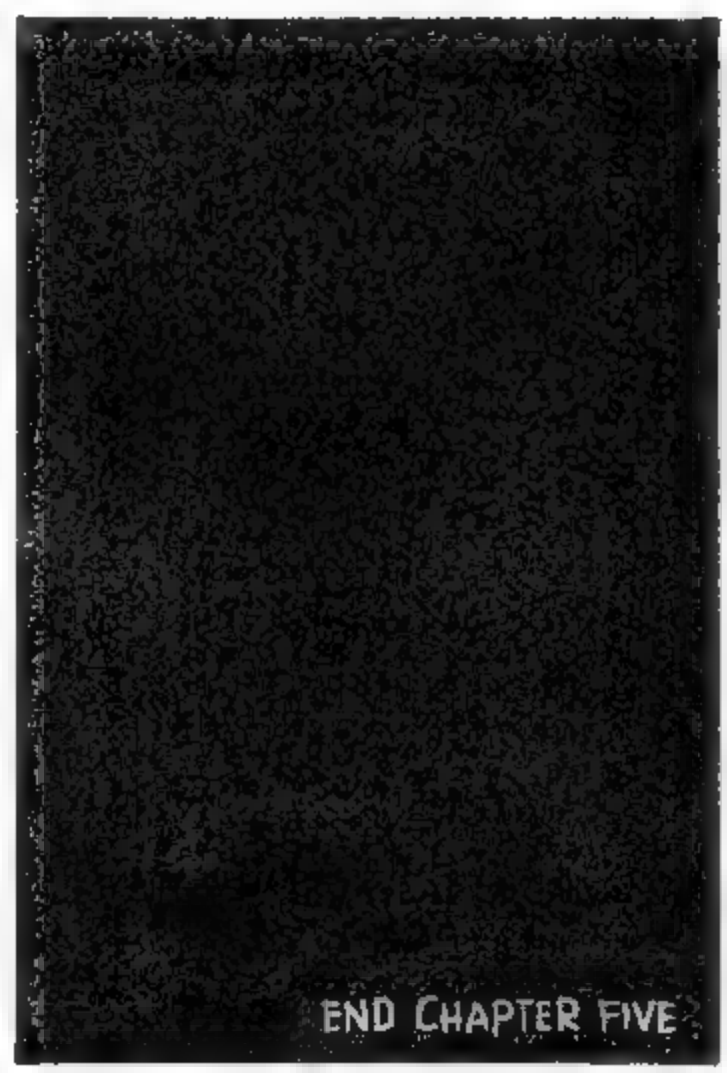
Likelywise thou, thou instance, thou Art that conseals art.

Art thyself thy beastfriend and allquaintants sameone. Alone allone.

ALL THESE PEOPLE, I DON'T UNDERSTAND ...

Too populess? "There's nobody here but our two selves."



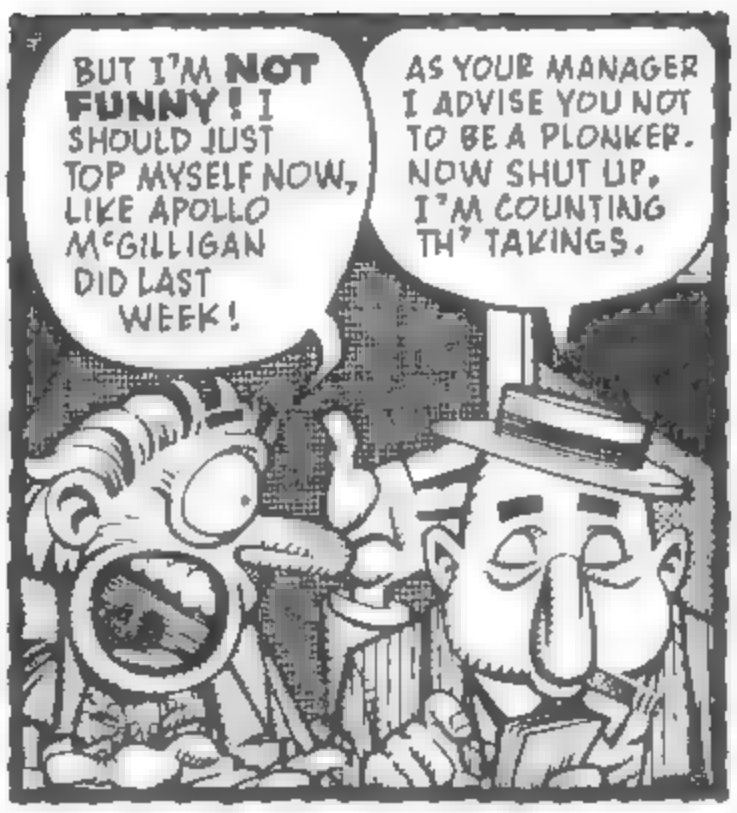

END CHAPTER FIVE

FRANKENSTEIN and SHIRLEY TEMPLE

©1993 BY ROGER LANGRIDGE

CHAPTER TWO
JACK T. SHIT and MISTER BICYCLE
©1994 BY ROGER LANGRIDGE
in
WAITING FOR GODZILLA
YE BIG FAIRY
THE HIROSHIMA CLUB!
YAH BOO!
PLAYING TONITE
WACKY ZANY GUY
GORGO ZILLA
... AND BOY ARE MY ARMS TIRED! THANK YOU LADIES AND GERMS ~ HAHAHA ~ WHY DID THE CHICKEN FLY IN FROM NEW JERSEY? THAT WAS NO CHICKEN ~ THAT WAS MY WIFE! THANKYEW, THANKYEW. WHAT'S BLACK AND WHITE AND JUST FLEW IN FROM NEW JERSEY? ...
BUGGER OF
LOAD A SHITE
GO BED
BAA
Y' FOKKER
POOEY!
SOD YOU AND YER SILLY HAIRCUT
MUSH!
CORNFLAKES
WHAM

PANT PANT
SOD YOU, EDDIE! "LET'S DO COMEDY," YOU SAID! "YOU'LL BE TH' NEXT SPUTNIK McGILLIGAN," YOU SAID! YOU NEGLECTED TO SAY, "YOU'RE CRAP GORDON"!
GORDSIE, GORDSIE~ CRAP SELLS. REMEMBER THAT.


BUT I'M NOT FUNNY! I SHOULD JUST TOP MYSELF NOW, LIKE APOLLO McGILLIGAN DID LAST WEEK!
AS YOUR MANAGER I ADVISE YOU NOT TO BE A PLONKER. NOW SHUT UP, I'M COUNTING TH' TAKINGS.

BUT I~
TAKINGS?
YES, GORDSIE, TAKINGS. YOU'RE MAKING A LOT OF LUVVERLY MONEY, AINTCHOO?
NOW, THIS IS FOR ME...

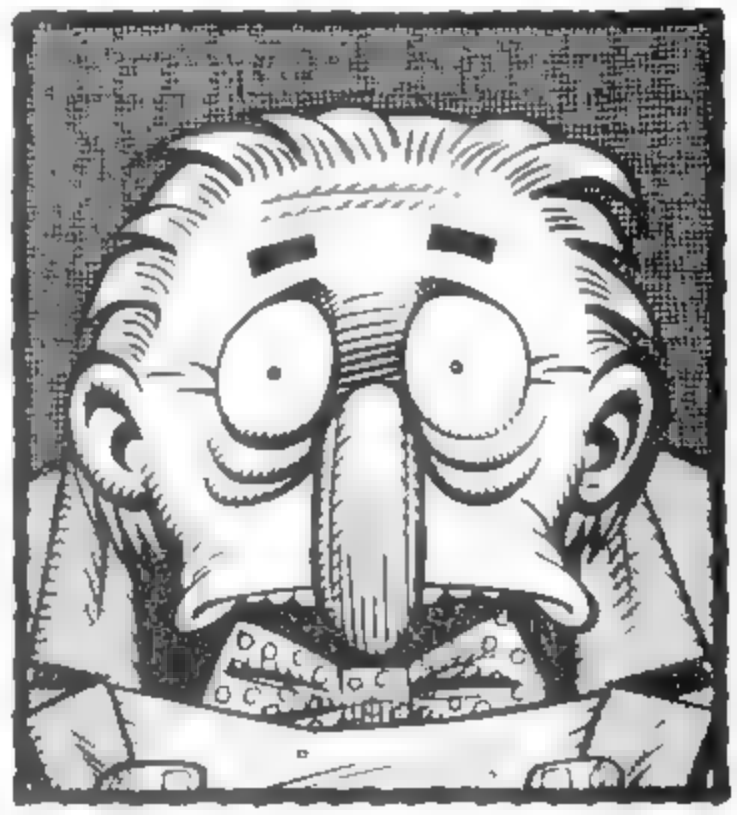
...AND THIS IS FOR YOU.
IT ARRIVED AT TH' OFFICE FOR YOU THIS MORNING.
BYEEE

SLAMMO

THERE'S A LETTER ATTACHED... LET'S SEE...

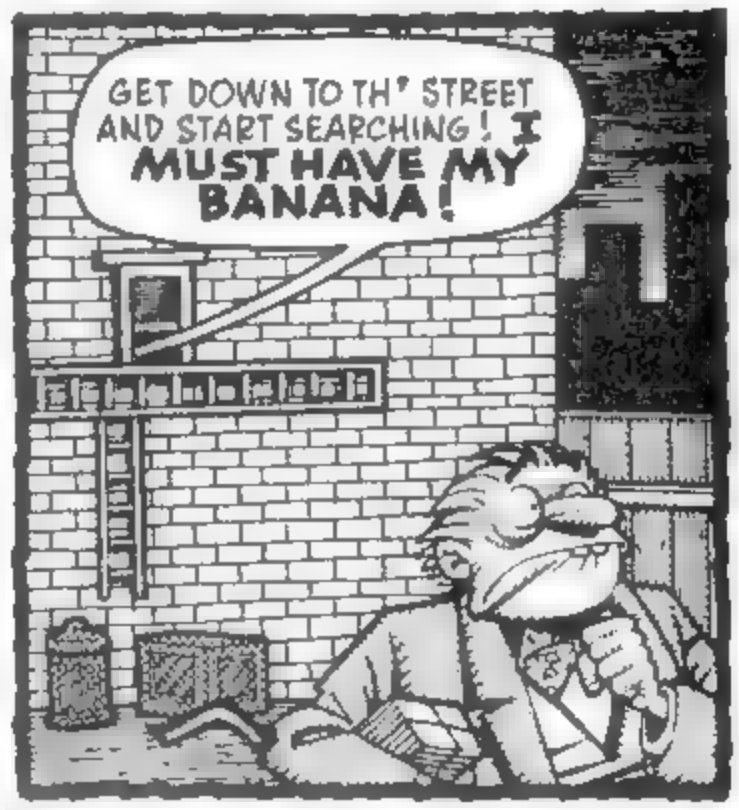
IT'S FROM APOLLO McGILLIGAN! HE~ OH MY GOLLY! HE WAS MURDERED!
AND HE WANTS ME TO DELIVER THIS PARCEL TO SOME GUY...
Jack T. Shit

s address...
Jack T. Shit
FREELANCE COMEDIAN
• CASES SOLVED
• JAPES PERFORMED
• LAWNS MOWED
1515 FRUITBAT ST., ORSON PANCREAS



MEANWHILE, OUTSIDE THE DRESSING ROOM!
OKAY, BOYS~ KICK IT IN!
DUHH, YES, MR. KILOWATT...
DOOF

STINK! HE'S GONE!


GET DOWN TO TH' STREET AND START SEARCHING! I MUST HAVE MY BANANA!

SIX WEEKS LATER!

THAT WAS CHIEF GOEBBELS ON TH' TELEPHONE AGAIN ABOUT TH' BANANA MUTILATIONS. HE WANTS TO KNOW IF YOU'VE MADE ANY PROGRESS!

ANY PROGRESS?! **ANY PROGRESS?!** I'VE WRITTEN **FIVE CHAPTERS** OF MY NEXT NOVEL! TELL HIM IF PROGRESS WASN'T MY MIDDLE NAME, MY BIRTH CERTIFICATE WOULD LOOK A **LOT LESS SILLY!**

MISTER SHIT, I KNOW OUR METHODS ARE UNORTHODOX, BUT I'M **SURE** WE SHOULD HAVE LEFT THE OFFICE SOMETIME OVER THE PAST SIX WEEKS. MY UNDERPANTS SMELL ALL FUNNY...

DEAR OH DEAR OH DEAR, MISTER BICYCLE. DON'T YOU EVER GO TO THE MOVIES? EVERYONE **KNOWS** THAT WHEN A HOTSHOT INVESTIGATOR IS ON A CASE, THE VITAL CLUE **ALWAYS** COMES TO HIM THROUGH THE DOOR OF HIS OFFICE, USUALLY ON THE BACK OF A GIANT PENGUIN!

GIANT PENGUIN?

MY KIND OF MOVIE. THE GORGEOUS BRUNETTE PARKS THE PENGUIN, COMES IN, LIGHTS A CIGARETTE, FLIRTS A LITTLE, THEN LIES TO YOU. HUH. DAMES.

HUM.

KNOCK KNOCK

AH! THAT'LL BE HER NOW! WATCH CAREFULLY, MISTER BICYCLE! BY PUTTING TOGETHER THE AVAILABLE EVIDENCE, I HAVE BRILLIANTLY DEDUCED THAT, BEHIND THIS DOOR, THERE AWAITS A BRUNETTE IN A RED SKIRT AND MATCHING PILLBOX HAT, FORTY-ISH, WELL-PRESERVED, SMOKING MENTHOLS, WITH PENGUIN SHIT ON HER SHOES! OBSERVE ~

WE'RE EXPECTING SOMEONE ELSE. COULD YOU COME BACK LATER?

MISTER SHIT, I HAVEN'T TIME TO WASTE. FOR THE LAST SIX WEEKS, I'VE BEEN TRYING TO ELUDE A BUNCH OF DANGEROUS THUGS. THEY'VE CHASED ME HALFWAY 'ROUND THE WORLD, BUT I'VE FINALLY REACHED YOU WITHOUT BEING KILLED. I'M SUPPOSED TO DELIVER THIS PARCEL TO THIS ADDRESS ~ KEEP IT SAFE FROM THE **MAN WITH THE LIGHT~**

BLAM BLAM

URK

PLOP

WELL, STONE ME! IT'S THE MAN WITH THE LIGHTBULB HEAD!

YOU USED TO BE MY IDOL, MY INSPIRATION, MY **MY**, MISTER KILOWATT, WHAT A BIG GUN YOU HAVE.

SO HOW COME YOU NEVER DO STANDUP ANY MORE?

SHUT UP.

WE WANT THE PARCEL, MISTER SHIT. IT CONTAINS THE LAST, **GREATEST** JOKE SPUTNIK McGILLIGAN EVER WROTE ~ THE LEGENDARY **GORILLA JOKE** ~ CONCEALED IN A BANANA!

:sigh: TAKE TAKE TAKE, THAT'S ALL YOU EVER DO. WHATEVER HAPPENED TO THE **ROMANCE?**

DON'T... **START.**

ALL RIGHT, BOYS, LET'S RIP 'ER OPEN!

SHHHRIKK

IT'S A **HERRING.**

WAIT ~ THERE'S A FALSE BOTTOM! IT'S... IT'S THE **BANANA!** HAHA! AT **LAST!**

HA HEE HA HA HA HEE HA

SPLAPPY

DON'T TRY AND FOLLOW US!

COME ON LADS!

SLAM

SHIT AND BICYCLE

I'LL PUT THE HERRING IN TH' FRIDGE FOR LATER THEN, SHALL I?

YUM!

SOON, BACK AT THE KILOWATT MANSION!

SO CAN WE OPEN TH' BANANA NOW, BOSS? CAN WE? HUH? HUH? CAN WE?

DON'T BE SO IMPATIENT, MULDOON, MY DISGUSTING LACKEY. THE UNVEILING OF THE GORILLA JOKE IS A **SPECIAL OCCASION**, TO BE MILKED FOR **MAXIMUM IMPACT!**

EH?

YES, WITH THIS BANANA I SHALL MAKE MY **COME-BACK!** IN TWENTY-FOUR HOURS **THE MAN WITH THE LIGHTBULB HEAD** RETURNS FROM RETIREMENT AND RECLAIMS HIS TITLE AS THE **FUNNIEST MAN IN THE WORLD!**

FERRETT, BOOK THE HIROSHIMA CLUB FOR TOMORROW NIGHT! MULDOON, SEND OUT INVITATIONS TO ANYBODY WHO'S ANYBODY IN THE MEDIA AND THE MOB! THIS JOKE IS GOING TO MAKE ME MORE POWERFUL AND INFLUENTIAL THAN **SINATRA!**

I CAN SEE IT NOW... I'LL OPEN THE SET WITH A FEW QUIET LAUGHS... GET 'EM IN TH' MOOD... THEN BREAK INTO MY OLD **CHICKEN ROUTINE!** THAT ALWAYS GETS THEM GOING!

YE BANANA

A FEW **BUM JOKES...** ABUSE SOME MEMBERS OF THE AUDIENCE... THEN, JUST WHEN THEY THINK IT CAN'T GET ANY BETTER ~*KAPOW!* **I UNVEIL THE GORILLA JOKE!**

YE BA

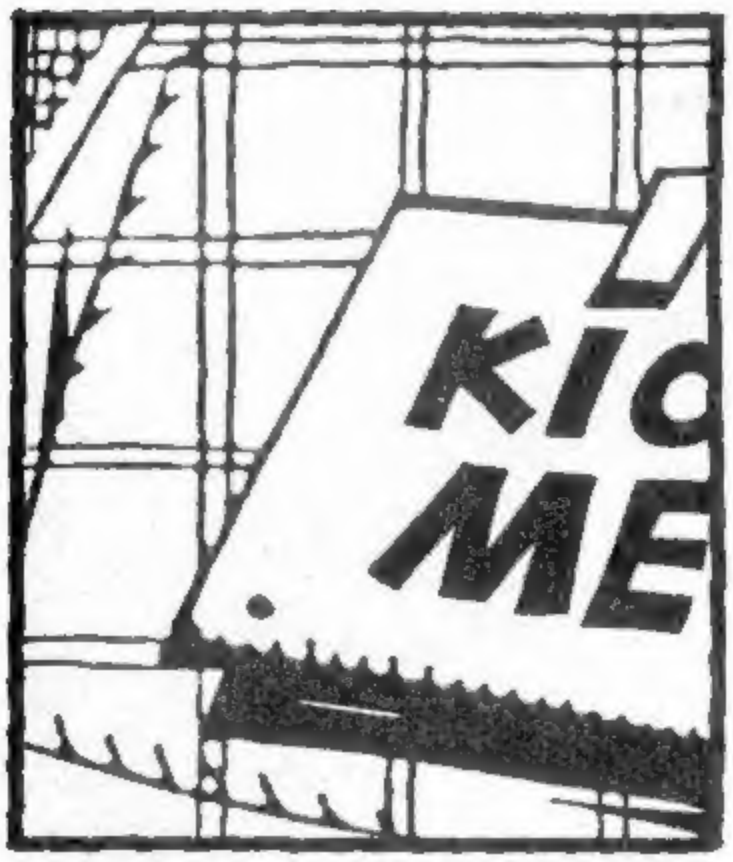
OH YES, THEY'LL BE SORRY THEY MESSED WITH ME... ALL THOSE **BASTARDS** WHO USED TO MAKE FUN OF ME AT SCHOOL... PULLING MY PLUG... SWITCHING ME OFF IN THE CHANGING ROOMS...!

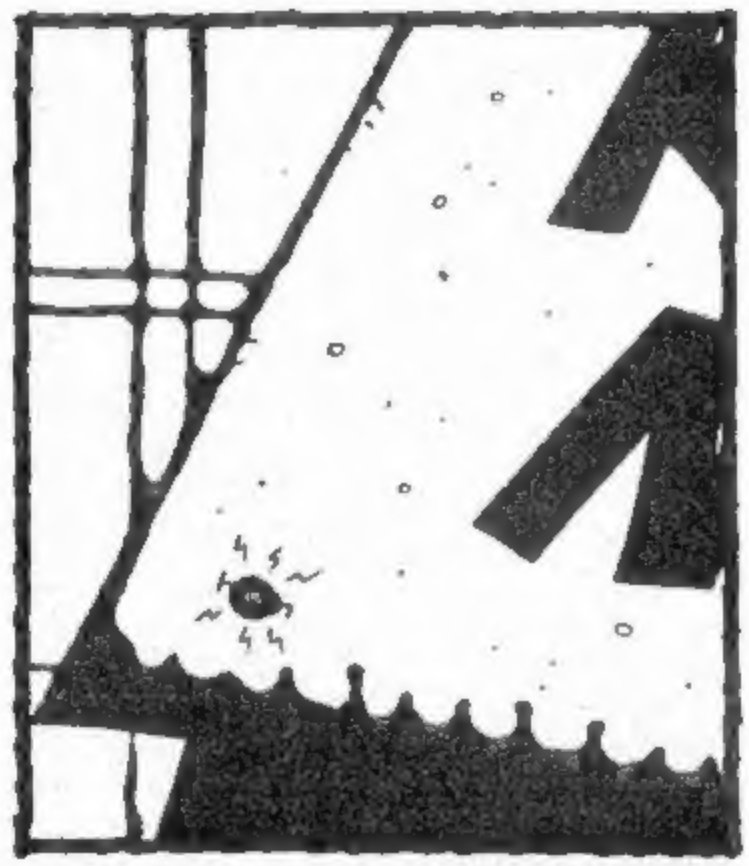
SOB! I'LL SHOW THEM! I'LL SET A FUCKING EXAMPLE, SEE IF I DON'T! THEY'LL BE SORRY THEY MESSED WITH 'STINKY' KILOWATT!

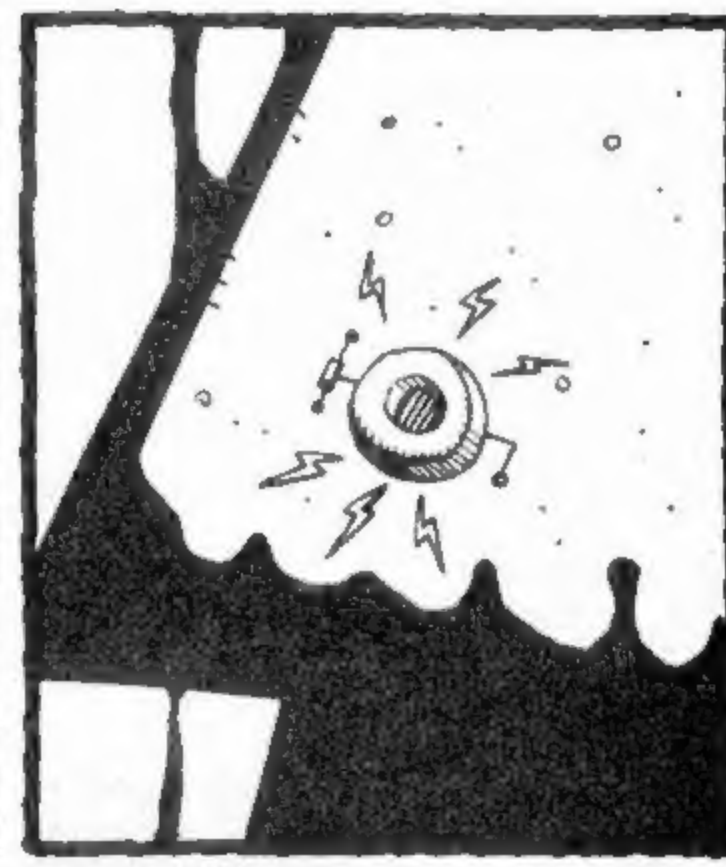
AHEM.

AND THEN WE'LL SEE WHO'S RUNNING THIS TOWN. OH **MY** YES.

KICK ME



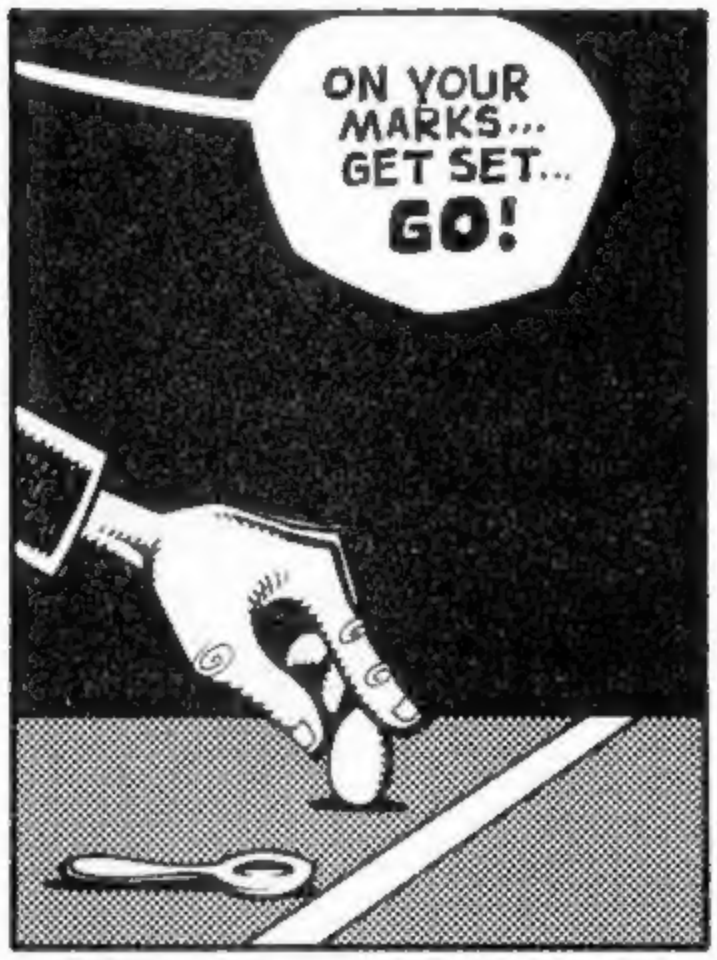


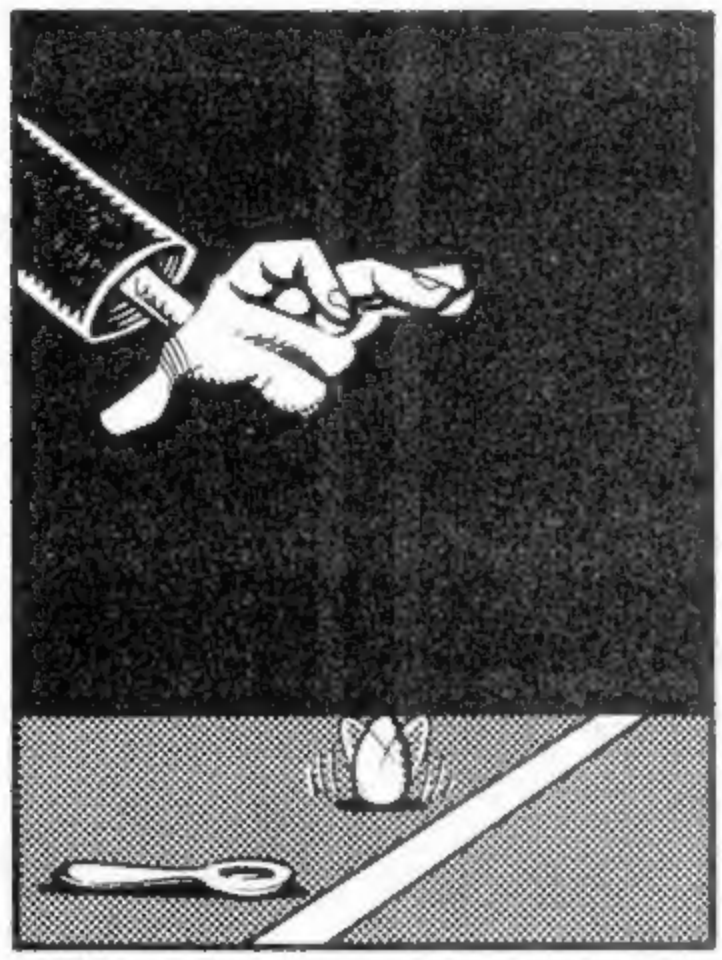


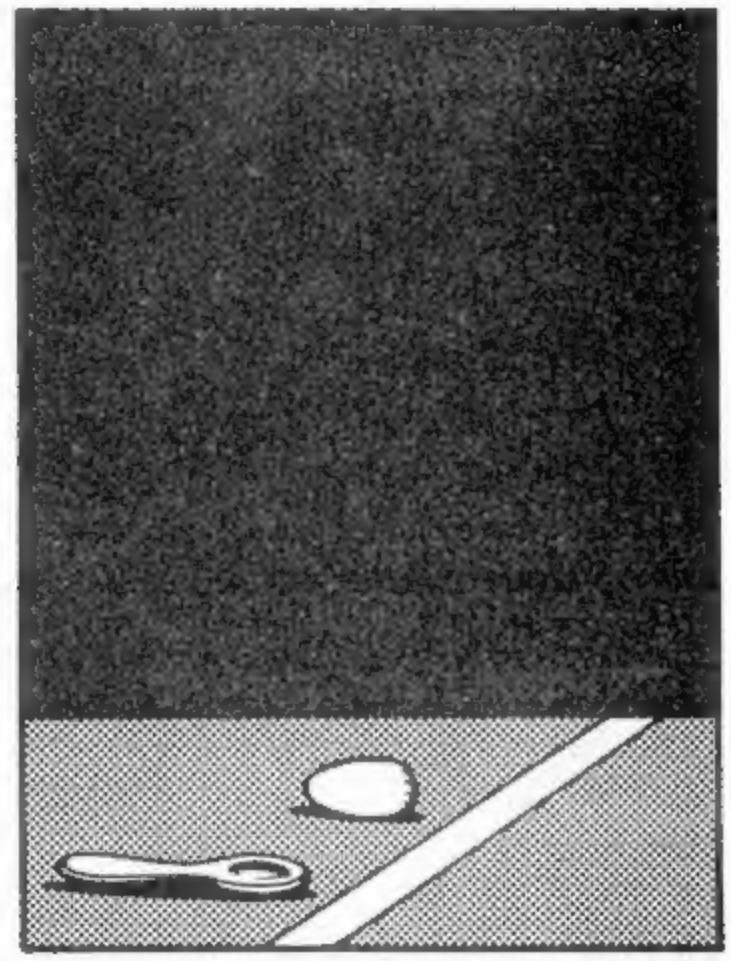
NEXT: WHO WAS THAT LIGHTBULB I SAW YOU WITH LAST NIGHT?

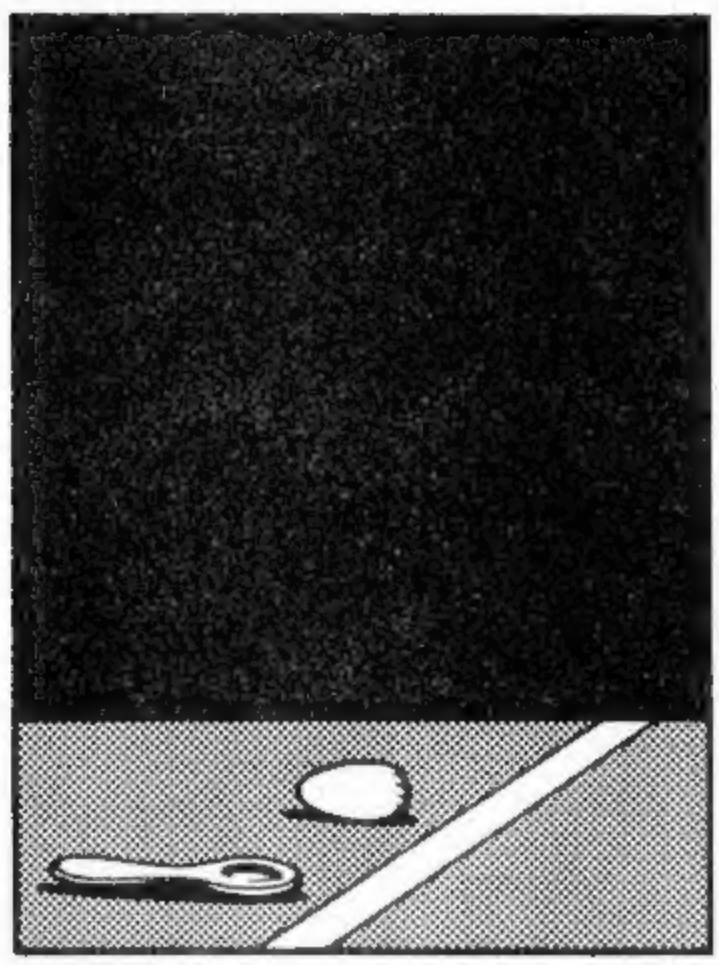
THE EGG and SPOON RACE

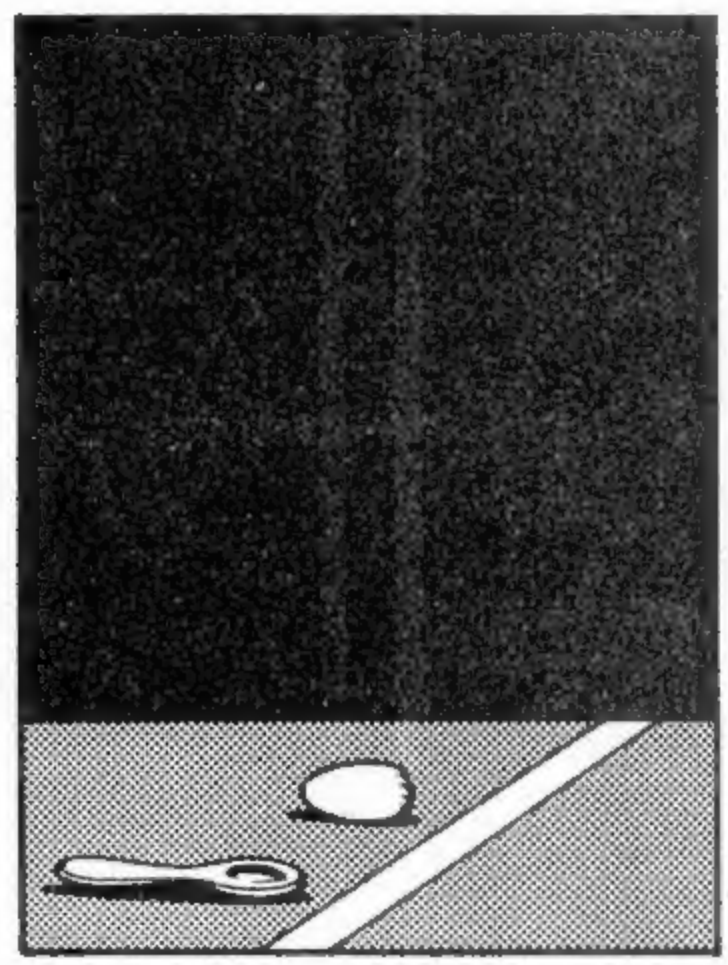
~ STRIPS FOR THE LAZY CARTOONIST #43

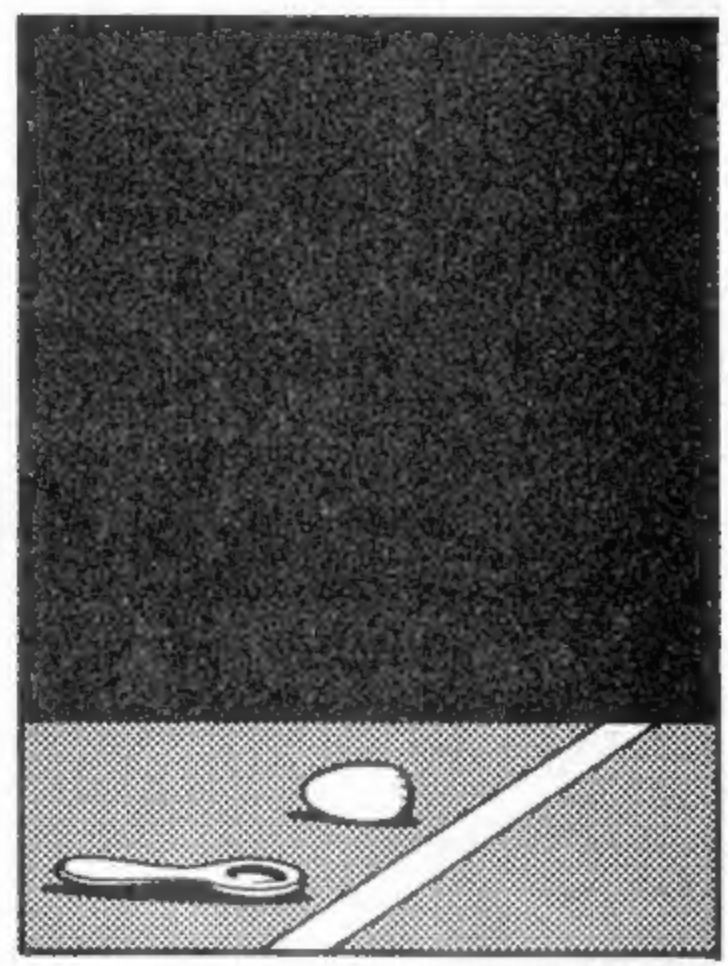


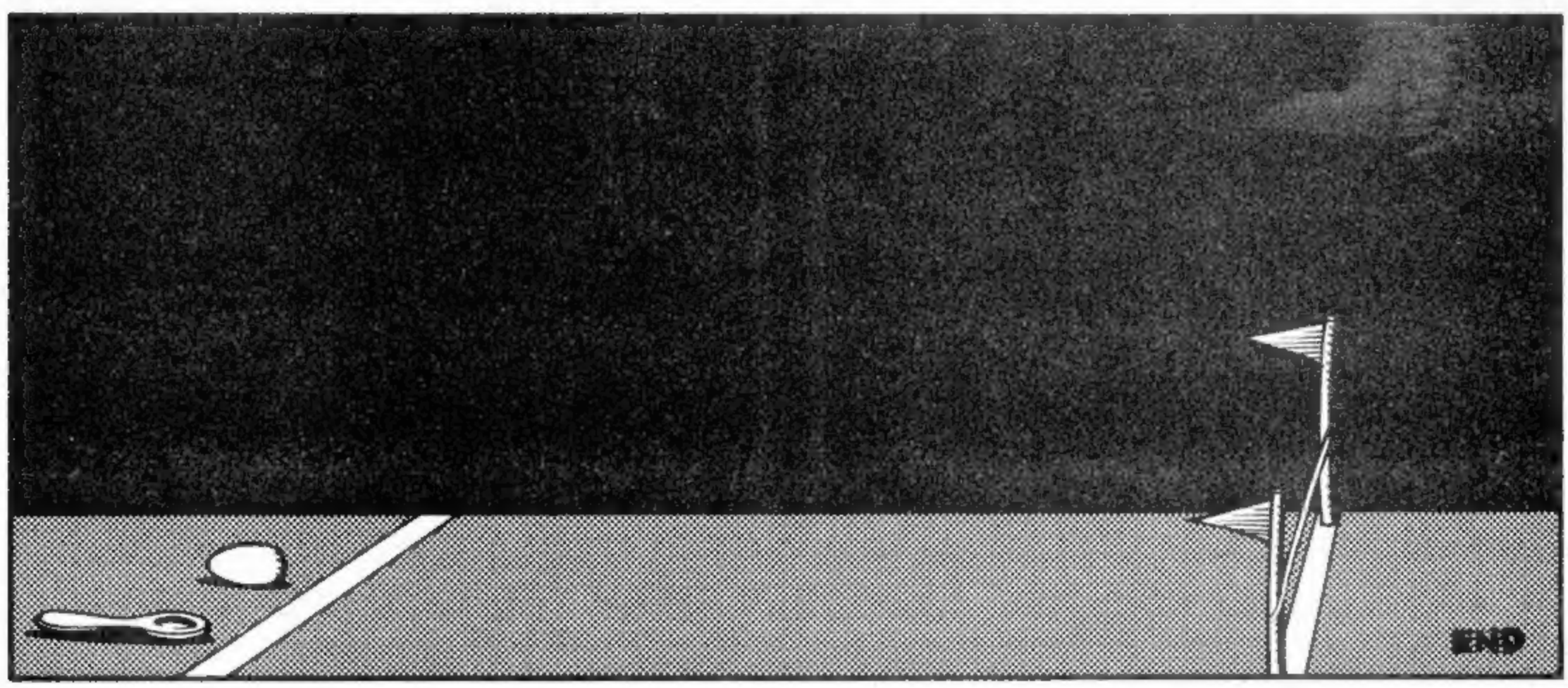












WORDS: SYD BARRETT PITCHUZ: WILLI SAUNDERS © 24/1/94

THE NIGHT-TIME HI-JINX OF: ARNOLD LAYNE

MORE REAL PEOPLE

Well I'm off home soon. I'll have some tuna, yeah. Dolphin friendly.

Dolphins are amazing creatures. So intelligent and friendly. You're out on the ocean, they'll come and play with you, help you out if you're in trouble...

I've never really been that close to them. I've seen them from a boat a couple of times, running alongside across the strait, that sort of thing, but not close up.

Aw they're beautiful, they'll talk to you, play with you. Doesn't stop the fucken nips from killing them. They don't give a shit.

Uh, yeah. The driftnets and stuff...

I reckon they need to nuke 'em again. If you ask me that last one was a fertility bomb, not a nuculer bomb. Uh huh huh huh.

Uh... Well I better be off. Have my tuna.

See ya.

END